



VERSES:

MOSTLY WRITTEN IN INDIA.



# *VERSES:*

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BY

G. H. T.

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## PROLOGUE.

I STRING together verses of my youth,  
And some of later days, because—ah well !  
I wonder if I know the whole plain truth,  
And if I know it whether I can tell.

Is it because I feel they should not lie  
Forgotten, honoured on no single shelf ?  
The world can well afford to let them die ;  
Do I then publish all to please myself,

Thro' 'vanity of song' ? Not all, I think.  
Relics there are of hours we would embalm—  
Tho' only one may see, as thro' a chink,  
Where here was tempest, there were peace  
and calm.

Companions of memory there are  
Whom we enshrine in silence : winds have  
blown  
Others abroad, beneath a different star  
Born, unto some we fain would make them  
known :

To some who prize. Soft voices, which have  
said

*Print*, shall I blame you for these leaves  
because

A page or two once idly heard or read  
Moved for the moment a kind heart's  
applause ?

Nay, friends, whate'er the slender issue be,  
Or smile or scoff, this venture it is mine—  
Who cast one shell more into that great sea  
Of verse that lacks the poet's breath divine.

G. H. T.

*April*, 1878.

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## PERSEPHONE IN HADES

Persephone, or Proserpine, the goddess of flowers, who loved the gardens of Enna, was snatched away from earth by Orcus, to be his queen in the lower regions. Her loved companion, maid Cyane, attempting to arrest her capture, was suddenly transformed into a fountain by the all powerful robber.

AH, once the life-blood curdled in this heart  
Roved with a full-toned tide that drew delight  
From all Earth's meadows, when my life's glad part  
Took joy from Enna! Clouds that overwhelm,  
Darkening all colour to my changèd sight,  
Passed not before me. Oh, in this black night  
Holding a hateful queenship, Orcus' bride,—  
Away from flowers, stone-hearted, stony-eyed—  
What pleasure to me in this loathsome realm?

Me mindful of deep cypress shades, the same  
Whereunder I was wont to watch the wealth  
Of Earth's glad waters, whose swift tender flow  
Is in my ears: and I remember thee,  
My Cyane, my own, who loved me so,  
And loving bore *his* vengeance when he came  
To snatch me,—thou, dost thou remember me?  
Have not men linked with thine my name,

Persephone ?

Persephone, whom thou shalt never see  
Mirrored at morning in thy glassy deep,  
And looking laughing ! Weep, my Cyane, weep :  
Thy song was ever sad, thou hadst no glee ;  
Oh, if thou knewest my woe—  
Nay, laugh, my Fountain, thou—how shouldst thou  
know ?

Tearless I keep my life—that is not life.  
For took he not my tears when he did take  
Me from the earth which all my joys contained ?  
I, who was once so ruddy-veined,  
And filled with maidenness that erst would break  
In happy blushes, as the thought of wife  
And mother thrilled me, when the Boy with wings,  
Dallying with golden pauses of my life,  
Of love mid flowers, and youths, and raptures spake!  
Woe, woe that I should reap,  
Instead of blisses, harvest of dry sighs  
That wither all—but memory of things !  
Tearless I hold mine eyes, that are not eyes,  
Because they will not weep.

Ah me ! my big tears all are in my speech ;  
How should my eyes o'erflow ? The blessed rain  
Is wedded to the sunshine ; both have grace  
From alternation ; each on each  
Dependent for the pleasaunce they contain.

Because I have no sun, and the star-spheres  
 Speak not to these sad eyes that find no place  
 Cushioned with colour where they may have rest,  
 Therefore a bride, in blush of bridal years,  
 I have not the bride's dower—I have no tears.

O Earth! O Mother! nought but aching sight,  
 Blackness of darkness, pain of endless night.

## II.

After much prayer and lamentation from her mother and kindred, Zeus is at length persuaded to interfere. He decrees that Persephone shall be restored to earth for six months of every year.

Mother, I am not wholly left unloved.  
 Slowly this darkness wavers. I who deemed  
 Its still black wall against the front of day  
 Indissoluble thickness, see e'en now  
 The dim lights moving and the darkness moved.  
 Yea, for a keen-edged Hope which lately gleamed  
 Leads on a kindred army, whose array  
~~Harle~~ed in bright lances on this gloom of fear  
~~Makes~~ grey my night. O Hopes, do battle well!  
 Brave Hopes, ply swift your lightnings!

Are they mocks

Or cheers that gather?

Nearer, let me hear.

Nearer. . . . I die with doubt. . . .

Joy, for the darkness—yea, the darkness rocks.

Fierce joy, that like a sun  
Dazzles all apprehension, darting pain.  
I feel the old light kindle in these eyes  
Like fire from stone : far memories  
Suddenly near, and thro' mine inmost brain  
Clash all their ringing cymbals, that—like one  
Who standing by a cataract hears and yet  
Not hears, but only knows he stands  
Perceiving not in a great dome of sound—  
I have received this my tale of joy.  
Joy that no sense can bound :  
Joy, a loud storm of joy  
Unbreaking, gathered like a pile  
Of thunder when the low long waves  
Bow all their flashing crests and slope their backs  
That sweat with fury : let me pray for rain,  
Rain of swift tears. . . .

How should I know my gain,  
Convinced of rapture only by its pain ?

Nay, but one teardrop : all the flowers have dews  
To gem their portals ; mockery that a queen  
Should have no jewels, not one sparkling tear !  
I am not queen, I am Persephone,  
Who roved in Enna with the happy Hours !  
Am I not she ? Yea, for e'en now I hear  
The torrent rushing : all my heart is loosed  
And near to flowing : Oh, my prayer returns  
Laden with dewdrops of my well-loved Flowers !

Swift, for the loud sea murmurs in my ears :  
Swift, for the whirlpool rages in my brain :  
Swift, swift, take from my joy its pain,  
Thou flood of tears !  
Mother. . . .  
O Zeus, I thank thee for the blessed rain.

To-morrow I shall see my Flowers.  
Safe and no dream I hold it that brave hope,  
The Thunderer's promise—' Half the year to thee  
To watch on earth the roll of rosy Hours.'  
Shall I not watch them ? now on grassy slope  
Lying, with eyes on some far summer storm  
Cooling the meadows ; lying dreamily,  
Hand pillowing cheek—soft hand, warm cheek (Ah me!  
Can this cold cheek grow warm ?)—  
Now joying in the noon that hums  
To slumber : ever, Cyane,  
Tho' grieving, taking mournful pleasure to behold  
Thee drest in diamonds when the Sun-God comes  
To kiss thee. O my fountain fair,  
Live knowing that Persephone aye pleads  
For thee and her. Praying, perchance her prayer  
Shall wrest from the great Zeus thy former mould  
Of sweet humanity, and thee a maid  
Again indue. Would I might strike  
Thy waters into bead drops ; make thy beads  
A cincture for that neck and shapely zone



And round white arms which I remember thine !  
But now my joy is mine—

Mine, wholly mine ; for over-wrought  
By a long agony I can no more  
But count the hours ;

I am contained in one o'erwhelming thought :  
To-morrow I shall see my Flowers.



## HERO'S LAMENT.

The reader will observe that in the following lines Hero is represented as looking out on a mournful starless life after Leander's death, instead of contemplating the suicide which would drown her grief in the grave of her lover

BEFORE me yesterday he stood,—  
 Now he is dead, not here ; and a cold blue wave  
 Mars my beloved's manly front—  
 In the pitiless Hellespont  
 Wasting that beauty which should have charmed  
 away my maidenhood.  
 And never Fate was by to save  
 The star-like, beautifully brave !

Oh, many times I said—  
 Making my words a very earnest prayer,  
 For fear with love did hold an anxious strife—  
 " Tempt not those treacherous waters, dearest life ! "  
 But he would only laugh,  
 And dally with my beautiful long hair :  
 Ah ! what if it be beautiful, when he  
 Who called it so lies in the deep dark sea !

My sorrow will not flow  
In tears, to cool these burning, dry-orbed eyes :  
Woe that my life should be despoiled of charms !  
No more of roaming thro' the shadowed dell,  
Nor any sauntering by the pleasant lake  
Where we two watched, when the red sun-god fell,  
The fireflies in the brake ;  
And twining hearts and arms  
Linked every thought likewise.  
Leander, weeping will not wake thee now,  
The cold Fates smile when mortals grieve.  
O stern-browed Sisters, O hard-hearted ones  
Who this dark web of Destiny did weave,  
Let that same windy surge  
Sweep over me, and cool this fevered brow !  
I hate you, for my heart is one large flame.  
Because I cannot weep, . . . Oh, I will fling  
A wild scream-laughter for Leander's dirge !  
. . . And live my life,  
Mocking and murmuring.

\* \* \* \* \*

My life . . . that never dawned outright,  
But lost its one red ray of light,  
And swooned into a starless night.



## THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.\*

THREE giant heaps, dark in the twilight shade  
 And clothed with ancient memories, I saw,—  
 Round whom a veil of mist and centuries made  
 A garment of great awe.

They stand in a dry plain, where there is nought  
 To mind them of their youth, save the still moon  
 And a large river, with whose rushing thought  
 Nightly they hold commune.

For the wide flood and the great heaps have seen  
 Strange things together,—dynasties depart ,  
 And Egypt in her day of grandeur green  
 With many a laurelled art ;

, When silken argosies with prosperous sail  
 Gladdened the foam about her harbour bars ;  
 When wondrous men could read the wondrous tale  
 Of the mysterious stars.

\* It will be observed that these lines, the result of a visit to the Pyramids in 1858, contemplate those wonderful creations in one aspect only—viz., as monuments of vanity built over sepulchral vaults. They do not profess to be learned in the lore of modern Egyptology.

Together as the ages run they mind  
Of the old Ptolemies and their emprise—  
And of the round-armed Woman making blind  
All men by dazzling eyes ;

Who passed undaunted, suckling the quick death  
That rioted upon her shapely breast,—  
Say, Giant Heaps, if Cæsar's heel beneath  
You quivered in unrest ?

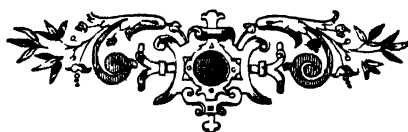
Nay, what is rest if you should know unrest ?  
And what is change of empire to the pile  
That greets the thunder with unmoved crest,  
And frowns when moonbeams smile ?

Yet, mountains of high tyranny and stone,  
What Pharaoh now remembers you with pride ?  
Doth this remain sole boast of Cheops' throne—  
To entomb him thousands died ?

The living died to sepulchre the dead,  
Whose souls e'en in you could not fold their wings  
O, you were cruel labours, big with dread  
And vanity of kings !

Ashes to ashes, all things fade but these.  
They stand perchance to publish forth the crime  
Of their creation, charged with memories  
Throughout all time—

Solemn and sad. Next, not in twilight shade  
But in broad day those giant heaps I saw :  
And still around the veil of centuries made  
A garment of great awe.



## COUSIN ANNIE.

## I.

To me a boy my father gave a plot  
 Of garden ground, which I did tend so well,  
 Weeding and watering with a thrifty care,  
 That in the summer, lo ! a blush of flowers.

And I remember how one summer-time  
 There came to us for holidays from school  
 My cousin Annie. Orphan child she was,  
 And the few years that her young life had seen  
 Had brought some joys, but taken more away.  
 Her first sweet birthday gave a mournful gloom ;  
 For when my cousin, with blue baby eyes,  
 Looked in large wonder on the sunlight round,  
 Her mother saw the Day-star in the heavens.  
 And only she remained to heal the wound  
 In a dear father's side : who, for her sake  
 Living, and smiling sometimes, sorrowful,  
 Nine years did bear his grief within his heart—  
 Then both were buried in that wife's calm grave.

And Annie had a guardian : one of those  
Stern thick-browed men who have no eyes for aught  
That shows not in the mirror of the world.  
As Tommy Smart, my college friend, did say,  
' He was so full of all unpleasantness,  
You could have sworn his sister was a gem.  
Sweet women mostly have their brothers bears '  
My mother was his sister ; him we called  
Our Bluebeard uncle. Well, when Annie came,  
Wearing a girlhood shining with a dower  
Of sparkling graces, ah ! I loved her straight  
Because of that sweet face and kindly look—  
Altho' my mother laughed, and said, ' Because  
Your cousin's two years older than yourself '

The summer loved dear Annie , for the flowers  
Came out to greet her with their thousand smiles .  
And every morning from the garden plot  
I took choice lilies, tying nosegays sweet  
With pink and pansy, mignonette and rose  
And she would wear them in her breast, and I—  
Would wish the tourney days were come again !  
Oh ! all my dreams were full of prancing steeds,  
Gay lists, and tents with curtains blazoned fair,  
All gold-embroidered, belted by glad crowds  
That shouted triumph as a knight rode in  
Astride a charger white as maiden snow,  
With eyes like rubies flashing fiery stars.  
A steed, men whispered, not another knight



Nor living man in Christendom could ride.  
There came a sound of trumpets, a great hush,  
A shock of levelled lances : half a score  
Died deaths of valour—galiants who had lived  
But for the might of *one* strange matchless arm.  
Again the trumpets : heralds loud proclaimed,  
“ Sir knight, thou art the victor of the day ;  
Stand forth, look round, and choose you Beauty’s  
Queen.”

He of the fierce white charger held aloft  
Upon his lance a wreath of flowers, and bowed,  
And cantered gaily round that fluttering ring,  
And threw it lightly at his lady’s feet.  
By Hercules ! that knight—’twas I myself !  
And gentle Annie—she was Beauty’s Queen.,  
Ah, well ! I was but fourteen, and I dreamed

Once more ’twas June . our cousin came again  
Before I went to college ; flowers as erst  
Were blooming fair, but Annie more than they.  
Alas ! I had grown shy ; I who was wont  
To make her blush with boyish compliment,  
Now seldom spoke or walked with her alone ;  
Could scarcely see her but my face would flush,  
Could never touch her hand without a thrill.  
And so at times I would conceal deep things  
In hidden proverbs ; once had said a bush  
Of summer roses circled by an edge  
Of close-set box was like my cousin girl

By the dark guardianship of Bluebeard's brows—  
When she: "Fie, fie! O cousin! sir, for shame!  
Your uncle is a good and thoughtful man."  
And I, half-petulantly: "Yes, I know,  
A very Moses! meek and mild as—wolves,  
Who snatch poor lambs from miseries of cold,  
From knives and shambles—kind preservers they!"

Then, with a sudden burst of cousinship,  
"O moss rose, would you had a few sharp thorns  
To hold resolve against a despot pride!  
I fear me lest some common fool should pluck  
And wear you yielding to a guardian's will."

The months went by; my college life was closed:  
I carried home the triumph of a *First*,  
And as I read delight in those dear eyes,  
Then—love's avowal could not be contained.  
And Annie—well, we looked thro' time, and saw  
A bright horizon rimmed with happy fears.

## II.

At Evesham, in a grand old hall he lived,  
That hard-eyed guardian; all the place was full  
Of varied beauty, from the shaded walks  
And matchless gardens to the antique rooms.  
Here lovely fairies sauntered morn and eve,  
Diversely clad,—these with a sober mien,

The Druidesses of enchanted land,  
In rocky grottoes lived, and looked severe ;  
But those, light flutterers, ran thro' all the lawns,  
Climbing high terraces, and sliding down  
In fragrant showers, laughed in beds of bloom ;  
While everywhere a troop of Cupids raced,  
You might have seen them with your fancy's eye  
Dancing in myrtles, or when flushed with toil,  
Sitting on sprays and in the cups of flowers,  
All clapping hands, and calling ' Beautiful.'  
There sister Graces rung the chimes of Art.  
Within the carved rooms, richly wainscoted,  
Were gathered glorious sculptures, and the lore  
Of learned libraries exceeding rare :  
A gallery of pictures, too, warm breaths  
Of life on canvas—there the eye shall see  
A score of paintings, each a mine of thought,  
And opening views of poetry and God.  
All rapt I saw them, loitering in that hall  
Of Evesham, whither I had lately come.  
'Twas there I learnt a cloud had crossed my life—  
How that a baronet, with acres wide  
Of sunny park, holding a rich rent-roll  
Longer than his proud pedigree, had dared  
To stand between me and my early love.  
Thus he, the hard man, jovial o'er his wine :  
" A splendid match—we'll have the wedding, sir,  
Next month ; and when the pretty bird has flown,  
I will do something for you in the world.

A splendid match ;" and so he rubbed his hands.  
And to me asking delicately if  
He thought the man were worthy of his ward,  
"Why, yes," he said ; "'tis true that time ago  
I used to say he was a fop, a fool,  
A handsome man who had more coats than brains,  
Or some such words,—but let them pass ; I erred."

Not so : the magic wand had waved, and wrought  
A marvel ; dense stupidity had grown  
To great good-nature ; the Boetian mind  
Had cleft its vapours, soaring Attic-born.  
A Liliputian wonder, as the stream  
Of the world's mind runs. Well, well, he asked me  
next

If I would speak to Annie, 'for a whim,  
A foolish whim, had seized her, that to wed  
The man she loved not was a hateful thing.'  
"All women have their fancies, and she hers."  
Saying, "I take it, if that famous jade,  
That Grecian Helen, had been tamed aright,  
No broil had been to nations, and a minx  
Would not have led them such a pretty dance.  
The ancients give us warnings—ha ! you see  
Old men can rub up classics when they will."

"Your classics are an honour, sir," I said ;  
"And yet perchance this Helen, this same jade  
Who led the people such a pretty dance,  
Was forced to marriage foreign to her will—"

Hence broils and bloodshed. There was one, sir, too,  
The classics talk of,—a great man, forsooth,  
Who almost tamed the universal world,  
And loved to place his foot on others' necks.  
And yet 'twould seem that lesser stars sometimes  
Obscure great lights ; for him another foiled.  
But you who know the classics know full well  
How General Cæsar planned—how he was baulked.  
A Brutus——” “Hold ! enough,” he cried ; “you prose,  
Young sir,”—then, with a muttered deep aside,  
“Confound your classics and you college imps !”

The cousin Annie whom I loved became  
My own dear wife ; and she remembers well  
With a slight trembling—for her soft heart warmed  
E'en to that guardian—how there came a time,  
An anxious day that was her bridal morn.  
But Bluebeard said I prosed, or I could tell  
How, with a triumph swimming in my eyes,  
I bearded that fierce uncle in his den,  
And holding out a little paper slip,  
The sweet certificate of wedded hands,  
Spoke with good courage, “Sir, she is my wife.”  
And—but 'twere well to pass o'er angry words,  
Or I had pictured how in Titan rage  
He took and wound me all about within  
A volume of big oaths, and whirled me round  
His fury's circle, like that chief of old  
Who dragged his foeman round the walls of Troy.

# GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

O COUNTRYMEN, all nations have bred their brave  
 and great ;  
 God gives the world its warriors and its rulers of the  
 State ;  
 An' ye say that Swedes be bravest—say on, a patriot's  
 boast—  
 All men are brave, my comrades, though some more  
 brave than most.

Methinks our *one* was bravest, and foremost chief of  
 fame ;  
 Hear it, O men of Sweden ! he made your nation's  
 name ;  
 And his own he left an heirloom to valour and to  
 right,  
 A star to honour's councils, a magnet to her  
 might :  
 And the cause he fought for, blazon it upon your  
 country's arms—  
 'Tis a sun that radiates heroes, wide scattering war's  
 alarms ;

'Tis the spell that sowed endurance in your ancestors  
of old ;  
'Tis a grace that giveth guerdon more valuable than  
gold ;  
'Twas the battle-cry of him who led your fathers nobly  
forth :  
Shout 'Freedom!' men of Sweden—shout for the  
Lion of the North !

Ere English Marlbrook tamed the West, and stemmed  
unequal power,  
Ere Eugene's deeds of chivalry burst into glorious  
flower,  
In the Rhineland when the Austrian bowed freedom  
'neath his yoke,  
When the League was fiercely rampant, our king their  
armies broke.  
A stranger in that Rhineland, yet the brother of each  
man  
Whose pulses leapt for liberty, whose veins with  
freedom ran,  
For stranger hearths and homes he warred—but nay,  
he fought for more,  
For the tides of tyranny unchecked surge on to many  
a shore ;  
And standing there to hold them, our king his flag  
unfurled  
For the universal brotherhood throughout the mighty  
world.

For the hearths of every nation did he lead our fathers  
forth :

Shout freedom, men of Sweden, shout for the Lion of  
the North !

What tho' the foeman's legions held the captains of  
the time,

The warrior bigot Tilly, with the fiery Pappenheim ;

What tho' that wondrous presence moved which erst  
was victory's sign,

Proclaim it with glad shoutings—he conquered Wal-  
lenstein !

Oh, the League had famous men-at-arms, but none to  
match our king,—

God's mercy ! 'tis a glorious art, though war's a fear-  
ful thing.

Oh, the League had victories enow, but their triumph  
was their bane ;

Their cruel havoc gave our side more living foes than  
slain,

For the cry of indignation that rang through heaven's  
wide dome

Sent thousands to our standards, who else had stayed  
at home.

Ye have heard of bloody Magdeburg, of the execrable  
day

When the Austrian with his bloodhounds made mas-  
sacre of fray,



When perished men and women, and helpless babes  
at breast,  
And hearts found mercy only when laid to lasting  
rest ;  
When the fanatic grim demon smiled, and reft of pity  
stood  
To see the bright Elbe crimson with a tide of human  
blood—  
To see e'en League-men's hearts grow sick, and  
League-men's eyes grow dim,  
O'er those mangled forty thousand dead, that shamed  
mankind and him !  
Ay, Count of Tilly, though the grave should hide thy  
martial fame,  
Full many an eye shall kindle at the red spot on thy  
name ;  
Mankind whom thou hast shamed stern-browed thy  
memory scan,  
Perforce shall write thee warrior, but blush to own  
thee man !  
A curse upon all Devil's wiles that truth false sem-  
blance lend,  
And sanctify unholy means by whispers of pure end ;  
A curse upon all bigot creeds that bid not bloodshed  
cease :  
Was ever baptism of blood fit messenger of peace ?  
Not so our *own* : at onset like a lion from his lair,  
But when he won surrender, Gustavus knew to spare ;

And young and old, pale women and tender children  
    kneeled  
To see the smile of mercy that would have all wounds  
    healed,  
To hear a high-souled victor cry, red-handed from the  
    fight,  
“ ’Tis God hath given us triumph : be ours to use it  
    right.”  
“ We war for freedom, brothers ; good cause should  
    ne’er be soiled  
With blood of comely matron whose home the sword  
    hath spoiled ;  
Let the maiden weep in silence, and wail the curse of  
    war,  
As many a one, God knoweth, doth weep by that  
    dear shore  
Where the waves kiss kindly, crisping o’er the yellow  
    shining sand :  
Remember maids in Sweden—Swedes, lift no mur-  
    derer’s hand.”

Thus speak war’s truest heroes ; they love not martial  
    might  
To change its glow for glory to thirst of wolfish spite.  
Thus spake our own Gustavus when he led our fathers  
    forth :  
Shout freedom, men of Sweden, shout for the Lion  
    of the North !

Ah! Swedes and brothers, well ye know he died in  
early prime ;

- Our sun went down in glory, alas ! before its time :  
He fell, but won, at Lutzen (O mournful field of  
fame ! )—

Yet as that death we think of, who would not die the  
same ?

How much he wrought and toiled for , the deeds he  
did to save

From priests and cruel tyrants the truth our dear  
Lord gave ;

How abroad he freed the captive, how at home he  
ruled in peace,

And bade within his borders all righteousne s in-  
crease ;

How the Popedom raged against him : these things  
we love to tell,

These things are known to story—be ours to mind  
them well,

And to sing his matchless prowess who led our fathers  
forth .

Shout freedom, men of Sweden, shout for the Lion of  
the North !



## ALONE.

## I.

IN a land where a flashing of streams  
Made silver threads in the plain,  
The brooklets ran laughingly by,  
On their way to the far-off main :  
And morning and noon and at night  
They sang with a joyful strain.

## II.

A league away from that plain,  
And a silver thread glistened alone ;  
And a music of sadness seemed  
To dwell in that rivulet's tone.  
“ Ah me ! all alone I go,”  
Said he, as he went with a moan.

## III.

At first with a gentle plaint,  
Singing all the songs that he knew ;  
But ever as sense of a lone  
And a passionless exile grew,  
The rivulet murmured, “ My stream it is slow,  
My waves they are sudden and few.

## IV.

"I have scarcely a pebble to kiss,  
Or to dimple around with my foam ;  
Who is it would think me a child  
That was nursed in a mountain home ?  
Oh, sad with a pulseless tide  
Thro' a waste of sand to roam ! "

## V.

"And yet I could flow," said the stream,  
"If my way were thro' meadows where bloom  
Lit up the broad spaces around,  
And danced in the wild thicket's gloom;  
And I think I could sparkle awhile,  
If I scented the moors and the broom.

## VI.

"Or how happy my wave if at morn  
It could mirror bright faces and eyes ;  
Or at eve its soft plaining might join  
To the murmur of true lovers' sighs ;  
And how good to my heart were the sound  
Of the villagers' hymns as they rise !

## VII.

"Oh to pass near the haunts of bright Art !  
To hear the hum of the halls !  
Oh, proud with my glory of song  
To sail by a brave city's walls !

And I know I could sparkle awhile  
By the flash of my waterfalls.

## VIII.

“But alone, all alone, with a heart  
That for murmurs far off ever longs,—  
I am sick of myself,” said the stream,  
“Singing ever my own same songs :  
Yea, better than this were a life  
’Mid the clash of a people’s wrongs.”

## IX.

So the rivulet murmured and sighed,  
As a little breeze passed with a shiver,  
And the moon coming out in the sky  
Looked down with a smile and a quiver  
Looked down on the little rivulet  
*That wanted to be a river.*



## MATRIS AMOR.

## I.

THE memory of life's pleasant lines  
 Lives strongest when we feel its thorns ;  
 The worth of that we part from shines  
 Most clearly upon farewell morns :  
 And truly said that " absence makes  
 The heart grow fonder "—Mother mine,  
 How shall I sing this song that breaks  
 In inner music half divine ?

## II.

For oh, herein the heart is stirred  
 With that the mind may never reach ;  
 It almost seems as if a word  
 Invading ground too pure for speech  
 Must fall as empty sound : 'tis thus  
 The thought of mother in a man  
 Lies mystically tremulous  
 With love e'en he can hardly scan.

## III.

But you, I know you fain would take  
Some filial, howe'er feeble, strain ;  
And I, the music I would make  
Brings back my childhood once again :  
The time that, past beyond recall,  
Gleams goldening to its farthest haze  
With joys (ah, simplest, best of all ! )  
Refracted from forgotten days,—

## IV.

Days whose delights were never pale,  
Each guarded by a mother's care ;  
Each hallowed by the twice-told tale,  
The faltering of *unreasoning* prayer !  
Then free from doubt in eyes upturned,  
How beautiful the wistful glance :  
And free from guile the heart that burned  
At Mother's fervent utterance !

## V.

Years took, yet gave. The memory swells  
Of larger love that daily grew,  
As thought struck sound from fuller bells,  
And fuller landscapes streamed to view.  
Then ripened boyhood deepening still  
The channels that bring wealth of brain,  
And self-rejoicing as each rill,  
Each new-born rill, gave some fresh gain :



## VI.

At flush and pause of conquest—ay,  
And when the raincloud hung o'erhead  
Held pressed to heart unchangingly  
The love which never can be said :  
Stood gazing down into that well  
Of MATRIS AMOR: loved to trace  
The dear old lineaments that dwell  
For evermore upon its face.

## VII.

These, these I ponder. Mother mine,  
My manhood scarce finds words to bless:  
Oh, under heaven no purer wine  
To stanch world-wounds and weariness;  
And under heaven no softer spell,  
No holier universal law:  
But are there simple words to tell  
This only love without a flaw?

## VIII.

Nay, words are not. And tho' I rhyme  
Of Mother's love throughout the earth,  
I send no thought thro' space and time  
To read the magic of its birth,—  
And thence to trace its varied lot,  
And drive a theory into school.  
I call it flawless, caring not  
To realize it as the rule.

## IX.

For in good truth this single mind  
Sees but one picture warm and true ;  
The many mothers of mankind  
May pass before a wider view ;  
But looking down into that well  
Of *MATRIS AMOR*, one alone,  
One face I see, unspeakable—  
And that one Mother is my own.

## X

Peace crown her years ! Be kind hearts near  
To shield her from the ills of time ,  
Be solace strong to comfort her ;  
Be grace to make her life sublime.  
The lesson of that lovely life  
Be mine to learn, with heart upraised :  
God keep her always,—tender wife  
And tender mother : God be praised !



## GODFATHER'S MONEY.

## I.

AY, lad, I'm tired of my life ; I am old, too, my boy,  
 and the years  
 Somehow seem to have brought me few joys and  
 more than my share of their tears.  
 And men's tears are different to boys', Johnny lad, as  
 you'll find when you're sixty years old ;  
 Not wetting the cheeks for awhile, my boy, but  
 making the heart sad and cold.

## II.

I've toiled over-much after riches and name : have  
 they left me a single balm ?  
 And now in my need there comes home to me full  
 that verse in the Psalm—  
 Rising early, and late taking rest, and scarce heeding  
 the good suns that shone :  
 And what is the end of it all, my boy ? Godfather's  
 money is gone.

## III.

And to think that my hair was like yours once, so  
bright and so prettily curled,  
And my heart was a child's heart once,—Johnny lad,  
never be a man of the world !  
If I had not been—but alas ! it's weary work that  
looking back ;  
Yet if the old days could return, I think I would go  
on a different tack.

## IV.

So papa has sent you to see me ? Yes, yes, it is terrible  
news,  
And I wish, dear, I'd had sense like papa a life of  
well-doing to choose.  
You remember we saw the men ploughing the fields  
last year when we rode in the cart ?—  
They made lines in the ground ; and that's just what  
money-making does to the heart.

## V.

Money-making ! Ah, yes—I was told when I wasn't  
much older than you,  
To strive like a man for a place in the world, and to  
be a rich man too.  
And I strove and got the riches, never heeding the  
good suns that shone,—  
And this is the end of it all, my boy : Godfather's  
money has gone.

## VI.

No matter, don't ask how it went—you put hard  
thoughts in my mind,  
And, Johnny, it's near Christmas Day, you know,  
when we're told it's best to be kind ;  
Was it sent as a warning, this loss ? I was choked by  
the world and its cares ;  
Yes, minding my business too much, and minding too  
little my prayers.

## VII.

You open your eyes, little man, and you're wonder-  
ing more and more  
How an old man could be such a baby and fool as to  
set so much by his store :  
God knows I'm a fool, a wicked old fool, with the  
Bible each week in my hand,  
To have shut my eyes to the wind and rain and have  
built my house on the sand.

## VIII.

Each week ; yes, that's where it was—a Sunday religion  
at best :  
On weekdays we work for a curse, and then on  
Sundays we pray to be blest.  
And I said in my fool's heart, " One day—one day for  
a sermon, no doubt—  
But six for the work of the world, we are told, when  
a man must be up and about."

## IX.

Ay, Johnny, I'm tired of my life ; so weary to have  
lived so long,  
And never to have learned the lesson that's told in a  
little bird's song ;  
To have hungered for gold, without eyes for the hopes  
that around me lay,  
Looking downward and seeking a gain that is gone  
in a single day.

## X.

Yet not for myself: I stored for you all—for you  
whom I hoped to set  
In a fair high place in the world, quite free from a  
poor man's fret.  
I had many a high thought for you as I walked and  
knelt and sat,  
And I meant you to be good besides great—God  
knows I meant that.

## XI.

You see I knelt sometimes, but whenever I used to  
pray  
I did not look up far enough, but wanted to have my  
own way.  
It was, "I will make Johnny a man"—in my own poor  
strength I stood,  
Instead of "Make Thou my boy a great man if Thou  
wilt, above all things a good."

## XII.

And now the old world-dream is done ; and I feel,  
tho' I've many a friend,  
That were it not for one thing my life were best at  
an end.

Ah, but that one great thing ! What, asleep ! I have  
waked you, my dear :

Yes, Godfather's coming, my boy ; tell papa he'll be  
there with New Year.



## FLEUR DE CHARITÉ.

SHE was a flower meet for a king's throne,  
But then she chose her whole life long to pray ;  
She was a beautiful pale lady known  
As Fleur de Charité.

So clear and cold, with that about her brow  
Which earthly gaze too passionate reproved :  
Pure, in the memory of her vestal vow  
Moonlike she moved.

Yet in sweet pity she herself arrayed,  
For dying men and women were her care ;  
She prayed for passing souls, and easier made  
Their passage thro' her prayer.

So when the people heard that she was dead,  
There was not one who did not kneel to pray ;  
And many masses even now are said  
For Fleur de Charité.





## AN EASTERN GREETING.\*

(March, 1863.)

ROSE of Denmark, England's bride,  
 Take our greeting o'er the sea!  
 Welcome far and welcome wide—  
 For strong tho' silent is the tide  
 That finds no fitting revelry—  
 The tide that rolls unto thy feet,  
 To thee and Beauty loyalty!

Our eyes are dashed with happy pride,  
 And, may be, an indignant tear  
 That Englishmen should let it seem  
 Their Eastern jewel flashed no gleam  
 Into the glorious boundless stream  
 Of Joy's true pomp which flooded thee,  
 When wedding to our nation thine,  
 Thou gavest in thy beauty's shine  
 The gift received so rapturously!

\* It will be seen that when these lines were written the writer shared in a feeling of indignation at the absence in India, even in the Presidency cities, of anything like a popular demonstration in honour of the Prince of Wales' marriage. The absence, however, though strange, was not due to any want of interest in the Prince or his bride.

Rose of Denmark, on the day  
When tidings of thy coming came,  
We followed thee with hearts that thrilled  
To our brave countrymen's acclaim.  
We saw thee as our land unrolled  
That web of pomp which fold on fold  
Thrown from all-circling triumph told  
Of homage done most heartfully :  
And lingering o'er the page that glowed  
Beneath our eyes, we saw thee queen  
Of pageant such as never flowed  
In all the ages that have been.  
Till, standing in the storied hall  
Of God, we almost caught the tone  
Of that "I WILL" that crowned thee wife,  
And made thee his, and England's own.

Joining in thy marriage smile  
Sea-king's shore to sea-loved isle :  
Linking with a loving hand  
Memories of either land :  
Nurtured in the northern air  
That nurtures men to 'do and dare' :  
Wearing bloom of beauty rare,  
Loved of England everywhere :  
Take our greeting o'er the sea,  
Take our love, for unto thee  
Each English heart, where'er it be,  
West or East, in welcome flows,  
Rose of Denmark, England's Rose !

## A FAREWELL TO SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

ON HIS COMPLETING HIS TENURE OF OFFICE  
AS VICEROY OF INDIA.

NOT without glory go, now laying down  
Thy splendid state and crown of care : we know  
Thy worth ; we knew thee long ago,  
Valuing thy conscience more than world-renown.

The fair discharge of duty led thy youth  
To manhood ; brought thee daily might and fame ;  
Till, grown to greatness, thy most honoured name  
Became a synonym for strength and truth,

Through thee and *him*, who lying far in light—  
The goal he sought—a brother great and good,  
Fearless, yet different, with thee ever stood  
To champion what he deemed the cause of right.

Not without glory go : thy lofty place  
Came to thee almost by a nation's voice :  
If now thy farewell seemeth to rejoice  
Any, it is but for a little space.

“ Large promise needeth large fulfilment ; we  
Had looked for larger sunrise from Lahore ”—  
Let them say on ; thou hast sufficient store  
Of goodly deeds and words to honour thee.

O Lion heart, now laying down thy state  
Earned and ennobled by those brows, we know  
Thy worth ; we knew thee long ago :  
Content thee that thou goest not less great,  
But greater.



JULY 1877.

GOD, who madest the sun,  
God who sendest the rain,  
Without Whom not one  
Counteth aught to his gain :  
Who holdeth the springs of all joy, and  
Art Lord of all pain !

Spare, for the people are sick !  
The thousands who lie  
In the dust, and the quick  
Who are dying—the cry  
Of the children for bread, O consider !  
Let this judgment pass by.

Turn, thou dread reaper Death !  
Our fields are all bare ;  
Thou hast toiled, and thy breath  
Still hangs in the air ;  
Thy harvests are full, but our garner  
Have nought but despair.

“Ye are clay, and the Hand  
Which moulded may break ;  
Ye have sinned, and your land  
Must parch for the sake  
Of your sins ; He is just.” But, O Giver !  
Give on, and not take.

Thou art just—yea, we know,  
But our minds are all dark ;  
Shall we see in this woe  
Of Thy justice a mark ?  
The rich have the light of Thy mercy,  
The poor not a spark.

What if now we be slain  
For your sins who are fed—  
If for you this our pain  
Who have stones to our bread ?  
Your sons and your daughters are living,  
Ours dying or dead.

Yea, 'tis true, that ye say,  
We have sinned and ye die.  
It may be one day  
Ye shall live and we cry  
To the rocks and the mountains to hide us,  
When God draweth nigh.

*JULY* 1877.

We know not His ways,  
Yet we know He is just :  
He commandeth to raise  
His poor from the dust.  
Let us stretch forth our hands ; in His mercy  
Alone is our trust.



## ALBERT EDWARD.

20TH DECEMBER, 1871.

## I.

WE have waited days and nights, receiving  
 Each message, hungering for a hopeful word ;  
 When it came, rejoicing, and then grieving  
 As the cloud returned to darken, and we heard  
 Mournful whispers. Thro' the land no greeting  
 Passed that craved not for a sign none could give ;  
 Thro' the land a nation's heart has been beating,  
 Loudly beating to the question—"Will he live ?"

## II.

It is answered. Hope has conquered : fear is ended.  
 Once we know how unequal was the strife.  
 Dark the throne that in autumn seemed so splendid,  
 While our prayers struggled wrestling for a life ;  
 Then we murmured, "Is it vain for us to ponder  
 On the future, the good which might have been ?"  
 Our thoughts were on the sick room yonder,  
 And we cried, "O our Princess ! O our Queen !"



## III.

With a dread—God has turned it to thanksgiving.  
As we prayed, our thanks let us give.  
In our markets we proclaim, “He is living,”  
In our streets we are saying, “He will live.”  
All around us, over seas, hearts are throbbing  
With a joy scarcely any thought to know :  
E’en the stricken pause to smile in their sobbing,  
E’en our mourners find a solace in their woe.

## IV.

Albert Edward, now we know thou wert nearer  
To our hearts than we ever dreamed before :  
Queen and Lady, let us say it, thou art dearer  
For this shadow that hath deepened at thy door.  
Yea, his kindred are our kindred all the stronger  
For the gloom which was England’s and theirs ;  
Our Throne has lived long,—’twill live longer  
Now its tears have been mixed with our prayers.

## V.

He is yours, gentle Wife, gracious Mother,  
Doubly yours by all those hours of despair ;  
Son and husband, loved father and brother—  
And a nation is rejoicing for its Heir.  
He is ours, English-hearted, steady  
To his friend, pure from party, and content ;  
Rich or poor, his smile was always ready,  
He took welcome and his sunshine where he went.

## VI.

Do we look for something more, as we remember,  
Turning back a sober people's reverent gaze,  
All the meaning of that Fourteenth of December \*—  
Then so mournful, now so blessed, among days?  
Shall we ask for nobler strivings, new endeavour?  
Surely any, prince or peasant, thus restored  
From the grasp of death should seek them. May he  
ever  
Seek and find, by the mercy of the Lord !

\* If the parallel between the Prince's illness and that of his father is not so close as at one time many persons supposed, no one doubts that this tenth anniversary of the good Prince Consort's death was ordained to be in a very special way a day of good omen to his son. Anxiously awaited (and how anxiously watched), it brought hope when England had begun to despair.



## VERY TIRED.

SHE languished in the mild spring season,  
A fair but fading flower ;  
We said her sweet life was all sunset,  
Without one shiny hour.  
We loved, because she was our own,  
And all her grace admired :  
But fears were in our anxious eyes,  
She seemed so very tired.

We brought her flowers gathered fresh  
Beside the woodland brook ;  
We placed the cushions round her head,  
And lingered on to look.  
In fondest love we questioned her,  
And then but half retired :  
“ Quite well,” sweet darling, she would say,  
“ But only very tired.”

Unheeded sank the kind spring sun,  
Our eyes were on her hair,  
Where every slanting beam that fell  
Was watched with jealous care.

Her lids did shadow angel-orbs,  
We deemed her half inspired ;  
And slowly said "good-night," and sighed  
To see her very tired.

We shuddered when the cold church towers  
Gave out their solemn knells ;  
We wheeled her out upon the lawn  
To hear the minster bells,  
To see the rosy flames of light  
That the west windows fired ;  
But soon we wheeled her in again,  
She was so very tired.

So night and morn flowed on, and stars  
Came forth our child to bless ;  
So daily grew our love, swathed round  
With bands of tenderness.  
But when the primrose paled she smiled  
And died as she desired ;  
Her soul went up to God because  
On earth 'twas very tired



## FIRST LOVE.

## I.

FIRST love—of course 'twas a boy's romance !

Let it be so, let it be so.

But why have I waked from the trance

With a heart that cannot glow ?

I shall never have such a chance

Of happiness here below.

## II.

There is nothing of wild regret

Now mixed with the feeling I bear ;

I have lived over that, and yet

Have peace and content to my share.

But O, can I ever forget

The precious heart-throbbings that were ?

## III.

There is many a one with face

Fairer than hers ; but although

It is years since I looked on the grace

That bound me and won me, I know

That no one can fill her place

In my heart—and it must be so.

## IV.

And this is my 'boy's romance':  
A passionate thrill and a pain  
To be cured by a pretty girl's glance—  
Sunshine come after the rain?  
No; it seems I have missed my chance,  
And I look not for it again.



## LADY GERTRUDE'S COURTSHIP.

## THE VERE DE VERE.

## I.

HOME returning from the glancing of bright eyes that  
 in the dancing  
 Seemed to speak a soft romancing that was very  
 sweet to see,  
 Dawn the orient transfusing found me still a-musing,  
 musing,  
 Whether, if she had the choosing, Lady Gertrude  
 would choose me.

## II.

Smoking long I sat recalling each sweet smile that  
 happy ball in  
 She had given me, not at all in way of flirting as I  
 thought ;  
 I had heard her say benignly that Lablache sang not  
 more finely,  
 And that I danced "divinely," "as a Vere de Vere,  
 sir, ought."

## III.

And I've seen a letter written to her friend, Miss Lucy  
Whitton,  
In which she owned to being smitten by my grand  
*distingué* air—  
“As a man that's greatly sought he's perhaps a little  
haughty,  
And I'm told he has been naughty (*Madame Coralie*  
*St. Clair*).

## IV.

“But his legs are straight as larches, and his voice is  
like Lablache's,  
He wears the loveliest moustaches that ever graced  
a peer ;  
Well-favoured as to stature and of true patrician  
feature,  
An agreeable grand creature is this Eugene Vere  
de Vere.”

## V.

Her aunts, I know, abuse me, yet I think she won't  
refuse me  
If I ask her—but, confuse me ! I scarce know how  
to try ;  
Though she talks with ease elastic, and her mind is  
fresh and plastic,  
She is fond of being sarcastic at times, I don't know  
why.



## VI.

Then I mused—"The word once spoken, you know it  
can't be broken—

It's a nuisance," said I, smoking, "marriage with so  
poor a house.

Yet the girl has thirty thousand, a tolerable town  
house, and

A country place with cows, and a heather full of  
grouse.

## VII.

The St. Clair, too, has grown pensive, and her bills  
are most extensive,—

I must act on the defensive in that quarter soon or  
late."

So thinking of the glancing of those bright eyes in the  
dancing,

That seemed to speak a soft romancing, I resolve to  
learn my fate.

## VIII.

Lucy Whitton first shall sound her: women always  
have profounder

Tact than men, and can expound a thing of that  
kind so much better.

Then I'll send her my own greeting after the next  
Paris meeting,

To a tune of love's own beating in a most im-  
passioned letter.

## LADY GERTRUDE.

## I.

So you think in my third season I've disturbed the  
noble reason

Of a senator who'd freeze on all other girls but me ;  
Just fancy Nova Zembla scorched by Cupid the  
dissembler,

The Vere de Vere a trembler kneeling at a lady's  
knee !

## II.

Will he bend those straight young larches ? will he  
coax those dear moustaches,

And in deep tones of Lablache's will my noble  
suitor say,

"Lady, if with love thou burnest, if my ardour thou  
returnest—

'Pon my soul I am in earnest—then perhaps you'll  
name the day" ?

## III.

Or, "Lady Gertrude, 'tisn't merely passing fancy ; no, I  
really,

'Pon my soul I speak sincerely—ask Miss Whitton  
if I don't"—

With his eyes fixed on the ceiling ?—What ! he always  
is appealing

To "Miss Whitton's taste and feeling," though  
acknowledge it you won't.

## IV.

Oh, what is it that I can do to requite this Don Fernando,  
This distinguished Whiskerando, for singling out  
poor me ?  
Are you sure you are not mistaken ? Just reflect : if  
you awaken  
Hopes that may be rudely shaken, I must lay me  
down and dee !

## V

To have trapped a noble yearling, to have caught a  
little peerling,  
A fresh from college Vere de Vereling, might not  
seem so strange, you know ;  
But the Pacha of the Pachas, the Czar of all the  
Russias,—  
Oh, Lucy, spare my blushes, spare my heart's  
exultant glow !

## VI.

Am I joking ? Lucy gentle, maid of maids most  
sentimental,  
Do you think a joke in Lent 'll be forgiven by—  
you know who ?  
Your sweet Ritualist obdurate, of the chasuble and  
poor rate,—  
Ah, the hyacinthine curate ! well, I'll spare your  
blushes too.

## VII.

Will I just for once be serious? I, the faded belle  
imperious.

Gods of high Belgravia, hear ye us, plain answer  
must we make :

Here's a lord who sings and dances hath cast on us  
soft glances,

Or his ambassadress perchance is deluded by mis-  
take.

## VIII.

Do I recollect, dear, telling you last summer at  
Helvellyn

That I thought him the first swell in Town of all  
the swells I knew ;

That I almost loved the Tories for producing such  
male glories,

And I felt sure half the stories against him were  
untrue ?

## IX.

On a pinnacle I raised him, I remember, and I praised  
him

In a way that might have crazed him, had he only  
heard the praise ;

I was wilful, half in passion— Aunt Griselda had been  
lashing

In her own peculiar fashion at his wicked fame and  
ways.

## X.

Have you never felt the rising that resents such  
catechizing ?

Well, Aunt Grizzy's sermonizing winds me up, it  
seems, all wrong.

She will think it so distressing I love good dancing  
and good dressing

More than lectures where the "blessing" is un-  
charitably long.

## XI.

Where the world is all divided into chiders and the  
chided,

And the good things, all one-sided, bless the chiding  
folk alone ;

The ponderous sons and brothers, and a few Bel-  
gravian mothers,

Who confess the sins of others, now their dancing  
days are flown.

## XII.

Drinking tea from purest china, Oh, nothing can be  
finer

Than their sentiments and sixpences showered on  
the abstract poor !

But for daughter's hand a fortune to secure they will  
importune,

*Beg* the rich man to come wooing, keep the poor  
one from their door.

## XIII.

I am hard, perhaps, and bitter? So much need, then,  
that a fitter  
Than Lord Eugene Vere de Vere should seek to be  
my guide.  
What! these gentlemen of ease, when they're tired of  
Coralies,  
When their wild oats are all sown—to Belgravia  
for a bride!

## XIV.

For Belgravia sees no harm in wild oats of high-born  
Brahmin :  
When repentance is so charming, hard faces must  
we show ?  
We are here to buy and sell : come, your lordship is  
most welcome !  
But Gertrude says, "No, thank you—a thousand  
times, sir, NO !"

## (TO HERSELF AFTERWARDS)

Who am I that I should rail at the follies of my kind ?  
Nay, they follow fashion blindly : world-born, world-  
bred, they are blind.  
'Tis the fashion for our men to live wildly seeking  
pleasure,  
'Tis the fashion for our women to be worldly above  
measure ;

But they never loved as I have, never won a loving heart,

And then sacrificed to Moloch—'ah ! too poor, dear—we must part.'

I am hard ; 'tis true, I harden year by year and day by day,—

Will that old remembrance never, never pass away ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, my dear, where are you ? Over seas, and grieving still ?

Nay, you have forgotten, for forget you may and will ;

But for me the whisper comes—'too late,'—'too late' :

Are you not avenged ? Oh, Arthur ! my punishment is great.



## A WISH

## I.

I WALK beneath the branching trees  
In a valley under a hill,  
And dear delicious memories  
My dreaming fancy fill.  
I would there were another form  
Beside me while I muse ;  
Another eye to mark these flowers  
All wet with the morning dews  
I wish that you were here, sweet love !

## II.

I climb the cold brow of the hill,  
Where whirl those gusts of air  
That always make a man's heart feel  
As if there were no care.  
The sunlight streams o'er half the vale,  
The cloud of mist is blown  
Right up the rocky mountain's side ;  
And because I am alone  
I wish that you were here, sweet love !



## III.

The deer is drinking at the spring  
Which runs through the wood below ;  
Through the forest, full of murmuring,  
Comes the wild cock's early crow.  
O! you should have a lovely view  
Of hill and rock and tree,  
If you could take a pair of wings,  
And only come and see!  
I wish that you were here, sweet love!

## IV.

Yes, and whenever glance of mine  
Lights where a glory lies,  
I would that *you* were there, sweetheart,  
To sun it in your eyes ;  
For then, though every landscape failed  
To mirror Nature's grace,  
I'd *borrow* beauty for them, dear,  
By looking on your face!  
I wish that you were here, sweet love!



## MINNIE.

## I.

I HAVE waked to sweet remembrance,  
 Such as comes but once a life :  
 I remember yester evening  
 How I won her for my wife.  
 Summer moths were thickly thronging,  
 Clustered on the scented thorn ;  
 Swept a gust of stormy longing,  
 And my heart was overborne.

## II.

She had talked how tyrants haughty  
 Left their loves alone to dwell :  
 I had said 'twas 'very naughty,'—  
 Thinking this would please her well.  
 "All men's hearts were born for roving,  
 Woman only—she endures."  
 "Minnie, mine is full of loving,  
 Yearning for the love of yours."

## III.

On her hand her cheek was resting,  
 Quick her little foot she stirred ;

Looked—to see if I were jesting,  
    Answered—not a single word.  
Strange, those eyes the prude revealing,  
    Seemed to deem me but in play.  
“Minnie, Minnie”—I was kneeling—  
    “Say me not, sweet darling, nay.”

## IV.

There was end to all dissembling ;  
    Love had won his well-earned gains ;  
Sudden blush and sudden trembling  
    Rushed like swift wind through her veins.  
So I've seen in summer islands  
    Rain-clouds break upon the shore,  
And have wondered that the landscape  
    Should have been so calm before.

## V.

Round her hair the sunshine lingers,  
    While my happy fate I bless ;  
I have clasped the trembling fingers,  
    And received the whispered Yes.  
On to her own home we saunter,  
    Where I told them all I'd done ;  
Of my impudent bold venture,  
    And the wife that I had won.

## HERMIONE.

HER lustrous eyes my heart enthralled ;  
 I gazed, and loved to see  
 That lady classically called  
 Hermione.

The name had such a tender fall,  
 In every reverie  
 I seemed to hear a musical  
 Hermione.

And, bookman that I was, thy name  
 Of ancient poesie  
 First blew the spark that rose to flame,  
 Hermione !

Thy name, thy face, they are, sweet life,  
 Of Grecian mould,—but be  
 The model of an English wife,  
 Hermione !

## ÆNONE.

I SAW Mount Ida wrapt in rosy flame :  
 A mournful symphony  
 Kept wafting up and down thy name,  
 Ænone !

Sure thou wast never destined to be blest  
 Thy name it sounds to me  
 Of names the very mournfullest,  
 Ænone !

Ah, to be caught by that false-hearted boy !  
 Frail woman, could'st thou see  
 In Beauty's face thine only joy,  
 Ænone ?

And Paris blasted all thy fond desire ;  
 Alas, how cruelly !  
 Filled thy wild being with a flame of fire,  
 Ænone !

And then there loured upon thy lovely brow  
The frown of jealousy ;  
The crooked frown that liveth even now,  
Ænone !

Thro' the bright mists of thine own Phrygian hill  
Look, hapless one, and see  
How Beauty lures to madness still,  
Ænone !



## IRENE.

AS unto the eye a beautiful valley,  
Dewy, and bright with morn, continually  
Gives a delight, mine ear hath found the same,  
    Yea, a kindred joy hath found,  
    When sight translated into sound  
Falls in thy musical voice and musical name,  
    Irene !

## THE SCULPTOR AND THE BOY.

THE sculptor gazed upon Madonna's head :  
All forms of beauty could his hands unfold.  
He looked upon the boy, and laughing said  
" Let's see what you can mould."

The boy too smiled, but not in merriment  
His eye spoke triumph in its kindling glance.  
Into the world a *hero* forth he went,  
And moulded—Circumstance.



## TEARFUL HELEN

SHE can feel no joyous thrill of gladness  
 When the throstle sings ;  
 She is always looking on the dark side  
 Of things.

Tearful Helen.

She can never see a young day breaking,  
 Nor a red sun fall,  
 Without drawing some sad truth, and murmuring,  
 " Fleeting all ! "

Tearful Helen.

Helen, Helen, break this morbid quiet ;  
 Earth already is too full of groans :  
 Sing, Helen, smile, and let your laugh run riot  
 In silvery tones !

Cheer up, Helen !

## LOVE'S SLIP.

## I.

HARD by yon elm so gaunt and bare,  
Just at the parting of the day,  
With hand in hand we swore that ne'er  
Our love should slip away.

## II.

The woods with tender green were spread,  
When in the port the good ship lay,  
And outward-bound, "Sweetheart," I said,  
"Shall our love slip away?"

## III.

"No, no," she vowed, and forth I sailed,  
Heartful of pulses of the May;  
But ere a score of moons had paled,  
Her love had slipped away.

## IV.

And hot with thoughts of bitter kind,  
And love that still would stay,  
I sought to banish her from mind,  
Whose love had slipped away.

## V.

I swore that I had quenched my pain :  
The still nights whispered, " Nay."

\* \* \* \*

Five years—and she was free again,  
Whose love had slipped away.

## VI.

Free, free, almost a widowed bride—  
I crossed the sea to say  
Once more, " Sweetheart, I bow my pride  
Shall our love slip away? "

## VII.

Hard by yon elm, with heart aglow,  
I met her in the open day ;  
And looking on her sweet face, lo !  
*My* long love slipped away.



## TU QUOQUE

WELL, *tu quoque* ! Cara mia,  
White-armed sophist, where's the wrong  
If I point Tu Quoque at you  
When the truth I speak is strong ?  
Did you never do the same, dear—  
Not that blushing morning when  
First I called you *cara mia*—  
Did you give Tu Quoque then ?

## ROMANCE AND REALITY

TALL, with grace and beauty beaming,  
Empress o'er a husband's life—  
I had fancied, in my dreaming,  
Such a being for my wife.  
TINY, with a fairy's features,  
Darkest-eyed, a laughing bride—  
One of God's most clinging creatures,  
She is sitting by my side.

## A SKETCH.

## I

WITH feelings oft at ebb she seemed  
To lose no chance of making merry ;  
Responsive to all lights that gleamed,  
Keen, clever, and outspoken very.  
Judged by her speech, you would have thought  
She hated more than half creation ;  
But sick or sorry, none were brought  
In vain for her commiseration.

## II.

Lenient to all men's sins but those  
Which break the laws of taste and fashion,  
She sometimes mocked at real woes,  
But oftener bathed them in compassion.  
She called it 'humbug,' 'trash,' to set  
Before one a too high ideal :  
The world had taught her this, and yet  
Had left her true and warm and real.

## III.

That world she liked to praise at times,  
And rather fancied that she knew it,  
Ignoring quite its jangled chimes,—  
As boys eat plums, and leave the suet.  
And tho' she swore she never bore  
EXCELSIOR upon her banner,  
She knew some things worth living for  
Besides good clothes and ease of manner.

## IV.

To serve a friend I really think  
She would not have stopped short of arson ;  
Yet if a foe lacked meat and drink,  
I'd back her against any parson—  
Irreverent tho' the wilful mocks  
That stamped her eminently human :  
In short, with all her paradox  
She was a genuine charming woman.



## EVENING.

How calm this twilight in the Indian land !

A grateful sabbath fronting evening's brow ;  
The red sun in the west no larger now  
Than a man's hand.

The birds all gone to rest in the tall trees ;  
The distant bleatings of the flocks : anon,  
Their drivers' uncouth voices borne upon  
The modulating breeze.

A mass of rain-cloud from the hills upfurled,  
And lightning flashing many a swift surprise  
God's blessed Night descending angel-wise  
Upon a weary world.

RAICHORE,

*10th July, 1859.*



## THREE DELIGHTS.

THREE things I love,—who would not love these  
three?

Horace, the wise old poet Sybarite,  
Full of the world, yet streaked with young delight :  
A matchless sayer, whose good things we see  
Time hold as tho' a last week's legacy—  
Altho' the flavour of that old Falernian quite  
Eludes translation. Like him—wit and light  
Made liquid—Oh, there lingers lovingly  
In my regard that bottle of Lafitte  
We cracked last night—wine for a god to drink !  
Horace, Lafitte, two joys : the third most sweet—  
Claudine in lavender, with something pink  
About her throat, and lightly tripping feet,  
Makes many a young man turn and look, and think.

## THE NERBUDDA VALLEY.

IN THE TRAIN, 14TH DECEMBER, 1876.

### I.

AH ! Nerbudda Valley, rises somewhat sadly  
 Vision of the love I gave thee years ago :  
 Thro' thy waving corn-fields how often I rode gladly,  
 All my pulses answering the fresh dawn's early  
 glow.

### II

Then no screaming engine scared the wild deer  
 browsing ;  
 Twenty miles on horseback was journey for a day .  
 'Twas a world untravelled cockcrow then arousing  
 Called to yoke its oxen and lead its grain away

### III.

Crowned with corn and plenty, as aforetime thou  
 wert crowned,  
 Vindhya and Satpoora thy guardian mountain  
 walls :

Still thy streams and woodlands gladden ; and  
around  
Are well-remembered places which memory recalls.

## IV.

But the old familiar faces that gave me pleasant  
greeting,  
When I rested in thee, Valley, are no more :  
They have passed to other lands ; as the fleeting  
Of thy vapours are the names that they bore.

## V.

Is there fruit from the seed of their endeavour,  
In the field, in the hamlet, in the heart ?  
The train bears me on—so 'tis ever  
With our lives ; like the shadows we depart.



AT DELHI, 1ST JANUARY, 1877.

DATE OF THE QUEEN'S BEING PROCLAIMED  
EMPRESS OF INDIA

THE memory of the silent dead—  
Who can forget it standing here ?  
That other vision rises clear—  
We see the camp that fought and bled,

Scarce twenty years ago · we see  
The walls still marked by shot and shell,  
The places where our heroes fell,  
And we behold the pageantry

That makes the Delhi of to-day  
A sign of Empire such as yet  
On monarch's brow was never set,  
A symbol of imperial sway

Unrivalled : long may it endure,  
Mindful of all its soldiers' deeds,  
Friend of the poor when Pity pleads—  
And, godlike Justice, keep it pure.

## THE VACANT ROOMS

O WONDROUS life of gleams and glooms !  
 Who feels the pictures others make ?  
 At last I realize the ache,  
 The long dull ache of vacant rooms .

The pain of silence most complete  
 Where lately that loved presence thrilled ,  
 And not a room that is not filled  
 With echoes of the children's feet,

The children's voices. Yet that these  
 Might soon depart—I wished it so ,  
 To place my plants beyond the glow  
 Of these fierce suns by our own seas,

That was for months a daily prayer  
 And even now, O happy twain !  
 I would not call you back again  
 From health and bloom and English air

The charm of all your winning ways  
 Grows brighter under English skies ,  
 I would not have it otherwise—  
 For this my heart hath only praise.

Altho' the music of my life  
Be less, 'tis something to be spared  
The vigils fear with love hath shared,  
In days with Indian peril rife.

'Tis something that afar the cheek  
Which here was wan doth wear the rose .  
And yet, sweet gifts of God, He knows  
I miss you more than I can speak.

And O that larger void ! the loss,  
My little ones, which is your gain—  
(In that lies solace to the pain  
Of many a father's weary cross .

In that, and knowing it was well  
For her to seek by western seas  
A milder sun, a fresher breeze)  
What of that void ? Ah ! none can tell,

O wondrous life of gleams and glooms,  
Save he who knows it, how it makes—  
Tho' many a star shoot thro' its aches—  
A desert of these vacant rooms.

## A YEAR AGO.

THE future, ah ! who can tell ?  
A year ago I was grieving,  
And thought I had said farewell  
For ever to joy and mirth  
For a year ago I was leaving  
All that I loved on earth

Alone to a land afar  
A year ago I was going,  
With but one hope for a star  
In the night that seemed so dark  
A star in the distance showing  
As tho' it were a spark.

But, blessèd be healing Time !  
The spark grows larger and clearer ;  
Night wears, and the morning's prime  
Breaks on that grief's chill snow.  
And I smile, as my joy comes nearer,  
Thro' the tears of a year ago.

## NAMELESS GRACE

WHEREVER she goes she takes her place  
Without an effort to claim it ;  
It is all because of a subtle grace,—  
It would puzzle a poet to name it.  
Is she young and fair, is she short or tall ?  
There are taller and younger and fairer ,  
But somehow she seems to eclipse them all,  
Because she is brighter and rarer.

It is nameless grace, it is exquisite light,  
Poured in from some window or portal  
In the land where the fairies emerge at night,  
To gladden the dreams of mortal.  
Yet withal she is loving and kind and human,  
And each pout or smile on her face  
Is the pout and smile of a dear true woman,  
Who is full of a nameless grace



## AMELIA MURPHEY.

*Extract from "Times" of 15th January, 1877.*—"On Friday afternoon Mr. Humphreys held an inquiry at the African Tavern, Poplar, concerning the death of Amelia Murphey, aged 23. It appeared that the deceased was the honest and well-conducted wife of a seafaring man now on a voyage to Melbourne in the ship *Hampshire*. Her only income, on which she had to support herself and a large family, was £2 5s. per month. In consequence of sickness and other family troubles, she often spent her little money before the end of the month, and to enable her to get food for the children she had to pledge some of the small articles of her scanty home or to run credit. A week or so ago she obtained an old skirt from a Mrs. Bates, who was her landlady, to whom she was to pay 3s. as best she could. The poor creature with some exertion paid 2s.; and on Monday last Bates, accompanied by a man, called upon the deceased for the remaining shilling. Not possessing the money, and knowing the violent character of Bates and her friend, deceased at first feigned being out; but in consequence of the disturbance which Bates and the man created at the house, she made her appearance and promised to try and raise the money. Later in the day Bates and her companion called upon deceased again, and after abusing her, only left the house on the understanding that the deceased was to raise the money and bring it to the Horn of Plenty Tavern, where they were to remain. The poor creature then took the shoes from off some of the children's feet and pawned them, and took the money as promised. Trembling and crying bitterly, she exclaimed before Bates and in the hearing of several witnesses that she could bear her troubles no longer, and that she would kiss her dear children once more and then drown herself. She then left much agitated, and was not seen afterwards until dragged from the West India Docks quite dead. The Coroner said there could be no doubt the woman Bates had, by her inhumanity, driven the deceased to destruction. He should have bitterly repented receiving from a poor creature with no bread for her children 1s. under

such circumstances. The jury returned a verdict that deceased had been driven to suicide through distress, and the conduct of the woman Bates, who they hoped would be severely censured by the Coroner."

IN the midst of the richest city  
 The world has ever known ;  
 For want of a scrap of pity,  
 For want of a heart of stone—  
 Because she was sober, had striven  
 To keep her children in bread ;  
 Was abused and hunted and driven—  
 Poor thing ! that's why she is dead.

Her husband away on the ocean,  
 She toiling from morning till night,  
 With the strength of a mother's devotion,  
 To do what was honest and right :  
 Then sickness and trouble o'ercame her,  
 In her last need she found not a friend  
 To assist : can any one blame her,  
 Poor thing ! for her rash sudden end ?

Had her heartstrings only been tougher,  
 Had she only known how to stand  
 And see her dear little ones suffer—  
 Had she had but one shilling in hand—  
 One shilling to give her oppressor,  
 One shilling to purchase relief ;  
 Oh, to think of that woman (God bless her !)  
 Killed outright by such terrible grief !

She had pinched, she had pawned, till her raiment  
Was scant—nay, her children's as well :  
Must she take off their shoes for the payment  
That shilling is wanted to swell ?  
Ah ! merciful Christ, in Thy glory,  
In the day when Thy judgments deliver  
The poor and oppressed, shall this story  
Which comes to us now from the river,

Not plead for a wild mother—pardoned,  
For the dear ones she left ? Shall it stand  
For reproach unto any who, hardened  
By treasures in houses and land,  
Are as steel to the angels of pity,  
To the griefs of the poor are as stone, —  
In the midst of the richest city  
The world has ever known ?



ON THE GREAT SCENE IN DICKENS'  
"TALE OF TWO CITIES":

SYDNEY CARTON'S LAST MORNING.

A LIFE that was sullied and tainted  
Redeeming a storm-laden past !  
Was there ever a picture so painted  
Of a sinner a hero at last ?  
Of a love self-renouncing, self-scorning,  
Like that which possessed this man's heart ?  
With the brow of a child on that morning  
He rode to his death in the cart.

" Greater love," saith the Master, " hath no man  
Than his who will die for a friend " :  
Is it only the love of a woman  
We see in this life's noble end ?  
Nay, beyond it and through it, enfolding  
Its path thro' the Dark Valley's shade,  
There was GOD shining down, and beholding  
Himself in the man He had made.

## A STORM WAVE IN BENGAL.\*

31ST OCTOBER, 1876.

## I.

BRING the lamp a little nearer,  
 What's the news? I read . . . at first  
 Can scarcely grasp it—till as nearer  
 The words stand out, each reader, hearer,  
 Exclaims with something like a groan,  
 "Good God! a terrible cyclone  
 Has burst."

## II.

Shipping, trees, houses, blown away and shattered!  
 Think of a storm-wave whose destructive sweep  
 Is traced by human bodies, dead and scattered  
 O'er leagues by thousands—as if those lives  
 mattered

No more than sheep.  
 Think of a hundred thousand swept away—  
 Alive to-night, and dead at break of day!

\* The story of this appalling calamity, the loss of human life occasioned by which has been variously estimated at from 100,000 to 200,000, will still be fresh in the minds of readers in India.

## III.

What mind can realize this awful story?  
And yet we read the lilies of the field,  
The flowers which now with morning dewdrops  
    hoary  
Outshine great Solomon in all his glory,  
    Are not concealed  
From God, are not uncared for ; not a sparrow  
Falls but He knows it. Are His mercies narrow

## IV.

To man alone ? At times when devastation  
Of war, flood, famine, earthquake, lights on those  
Whose sin is less than that of many a nation  
And many a household spared, we think Creation  
    Mocks with its woes  
All order, justice : we forget that man  
Knows little of the great Creator's plan.

## V.

What if a hundred years of earth's best favours  
Be as a pin's head to the time beyond ?  
If all our evil things and pleasant savours  
Are as a sunbeam that a moment wavers ?  
    What if the bond  
Which binds us to the bodies that we cherish  
Is frail—that we may seek what will not perish ?

## VI.

Can we explain such woes by sagely saying,  
    "The laws of average—so many die  
In every cycle ; eating, drinking, playing,  
Swept off the board—in spite of fasts and praying" ?  
    'Nay,' we reply,  
'Is not the flag of evil still unfurl'd ?  
We know God's judgments are in all the world.'

## VII.

In presence of this awful judgment, surely  
    We feel "we know not anything" : the soul  
Sinks almost drowned, in sight of stars that purely  
Gleam up above ; the shore tho' looms obscurely,  
    The surges roll  
Between us and the infinite far haven  
Which Life approaches with a spirit craven.

## VIII.

We know not anything, but oh, within  
    We feel we must have something to believe :  
Refuge for care, and pardon for our sin.  
Too oft 'tis trouble makes our faith begin ;  
    Until we grieve  
The soul lies dead, and the immortal spirit  
Rests satisfied with earth and worldly merit.

## IX.

But ah ! in face of news like this, how little  
Appears the greatest man upon the earth !  
The crowns of kings and queens how poor and  
brittle !  
Man's grandeur shrivels to a speck, a tittle—  
While joy and mirth  
Seem, by the side of such stupendous woe,  
Things almost wrong for us who live to know.

## X.

Yet we shall laugh and dine perchance to-morrow  
Without a thought of that death-dealing wave :  
The comfort misery from hope would borrow,  
The wail of thousands stricken down in sorrow,  
The hands that save,—  
They are so far, and we—our own affairs  
Press in so closely with their joys and cares.

## XI.

Just think ! each one of those who died that night  
Died by the will of our All-seeing God.  
Not that they were more sinful in His sight  
Than we who slept and hailed the morning's light—  
We who have trod  
In ways we feel and long have understood  
To be remote from those which He calls good.



## XII.

He hath sent signs to nations : looking back,  
We think we can read some in the world's youth-  
Rome and Pompeii foremost in the track :  
God's anger kindled against earth for lack  
Of love and truth !  
Oh, friends, can we not read between the lines ?  
Yea, England, unto thee there may be signs.

## XIII.

Thy rule hath prospered, and thy lands have peace,  
The slave hath blest thee and the slave shall bless.  
But, as thy wealth and merchandise increase,  
Shall zeal for God and Right grow slack or cease ?  
Thou art not less  
Than Rome was in her old imperial days :  
Beware the danger of luxurious ways !

## XIV.

The poor cry out, thy great heart beateth true ;  
But hasting to be rich, thy busy marts,  
With eyes kept downward, see not, care not, who  
Are poor, until thy halls and markets thro'  
A wild scream darts,—  
Then hearts are loosed and eyes are upward bent  
Awhile—and men go on as erst they went.

## XV.

'Men'—yes, 'tis easy to confess for others,  
For England, for a nation. Our conceit  
Allows us to reprove our friends and brothers,  
Ourselves too—in the plural, for that smothers  
The inward heat  
That must rise up if conscience closely scan  
Our private ways and say, "Thou art the man"

## XVI

Some sow and reap, and others reap who sow not.  
We count our luck for merit, and we sigh,  
"The workings of His Providence we know not .  
The floods that rise, the withered streams that  
flow not ;  
The misery  
With which Creation groaneth : all are sent  
To shadow forth, no doubt, some wise intent."

## XVII.

Yea, leave it so Thank God we live to-day  
To point the moral. Oh ! if that dread wave  
Which buried thousands could but sweep away  
The Self we worship as our god of clay—  
Then o'er its grave  
We should know more of the Creator's plan  
In having more of love to God and man.

## DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

He is dying, that old year  
 Whose glad birth we all remember :  
 Come, and gather round, and listen  
 To the last sob of December.  
 Let the old year pass in silence :  
 Do not laugh, nor shout, nor sing :  
 For, my brothers, who may reckon  
 What the coming year shall bring ?

He is dying : speak in whispers.  
 If you will, kneel down and pray,  
 By the memory of that dear one  
 Who was here last New Year's Day.  
 Ponder slowly, sadly, deeply :  
 While these last few moments fly,  
 Let our thoughts be on the far land  
 Where the year shall never die.

He is dead. Drop down one big tear  
 For the friend you loved so long :  
 Throw about our pleasant greetings,  
 Crown the New Year with a song.

Then go on and gird for duty :

Take this promise fresh and true—

'There *was* blessing in the Old Year,

There *is* blessing in the New.'



## DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

DRAW the long day to a close,  
 The "slow sad hours" that are the Old Year's last  
 To-morrow he shall sleep with those  
 His ancestors, entombed in the great Past.

He dies, a warrior brave ;  
 And the wind makes mournful mass in the trees.  
 Lower him gently into his grave  
 With the cords of a hundred memories.

Speak to him—ah no, stay !  
 They are ringing the New Year's chime ;  
 And he is millions of miles away,  
 Making his march with the ghosts of Time.

The old man died a king,  
 So royally he gave up his last breath ;  
 And he showed us that majestic thing,  
 The repose of a solemn death.

Good-bye ; we must greet the heir .  
 Who sits already on his father's throne.

Good-bye, old friend—we'll drop a tear,  
To make the grass grow round your cold  
gravestone.

Your funeral banquet too  
We'll celebrate by crowning your young boy :  
New Year, a glorious health to you !  
New Year, I give you joy !



## CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

CHRISTMAS ! at Home how they're playing it  
 Away with good fun and good cheer ;  
 The holly in house and in street,  
 The welcome how old, yet how sweet,—  
 They are all of them saying it,  
 " A merry Christmas and happy New Year ! "

How keen the cold air out of door is !  
 Within, ah ! the fireside dear :  
 O the kisses of sisters and mothers !  
 O the hearts of our own and of others !  
 The song of the rich and poor is  
 " A merry Christmas and happy New Year ! "

Christmas ! just think how they're feeling,  
 Those at Home upon furlough this year ;  
 How gladly they're taking a part,  
 'Mid prayers going up from the heart,  
 In the laughter that's pealing  
 An English Christmas and happy New Year !

Out here is it Christmas ? before us  
 So few of its features ; we hear

Kind wishes of friends glad at meeting,  
But how much do we miss in the greeting—  
Well, well, we will join in the chorus,  
“A merry Christmas and happy New Year!”

For 'tis Christmas all over. If aching  
Be mixed here and there, never fear,—  
There's the thought of the Prince of the Morn,  
Of peace and goodwill ever born  
To all, for continual making  
Of merry Christmas and happy New Year.





## SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID

## I

IN your fullest time of gladness,  
 When your days held joyous store,  
 Passed there never film of sadness,  
 Blurring all the landscape o'er ?  
 Was not half of all its sweetness  
 Blotted by a thought of pain  
 At the want of that completeness  
 Which alone makes joy remain ?

## II.

When your heart with hope was springing  
 Free from sorrow's after strife,  
 And a sound of pleasant singing  
 Filled the Maytime of your life,  
 Faltered not the voice that, hailing  
 Youth and love, proclaimed delight ?  
 Came between no note of wailing  
 Stirred by pauses of the night ?

## III.

Aims your youth had been pursuing  
Faded as your manhood grew :  
Then when you were 'ware that *doing*  
Was the noblest thing to do—  
Wakeful, ere the red day-breaking  
Into smiles the darkness kissed,  
Felt you not a nameless aching  
For a something you had missed ?

## IV.

Ay, you knew it ; in your laughter,  
In your revels, in your gloom ;  
Heard you not the dread Hereafter  
Shake the air with muffled boom ?  
Ay, it reached you surely ? Stirred not  
Then your heart to pray and bless ?  
Oh, God help you, if you heard not  
That good signal of distress !

## V.

Only once ? Nay, often, often,  
Daily is that warning waved ;  
Hardening when it may not soften,  
Knelling shipwreck, crying ' saved.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Cause enough why broken sweetness  
Dwelt in all those joys that came ;  
You were robbed of their completeness—  
Reaped you in your Father's Name ?

## RELIGION.

HAVE we known what it is to crave  
 For some object of fond desire—  
 Whether of Passion the slave,  
 Or of Love that is higher :  
 Have we drank to our soul's behest,  
 And ate of the fruit of our will ;  
 And found at the end of each quest  
 Something to long for still ?

Have we not ? says the heart : Oh, what is it,  
 This mystery ? Nay, it is Man :  
 The wake of an angel's visit,  
 The trace of a God-like plan,  
 Crossing ever the web of his being ·  
 Yea, this discontent is divine :  
 Is Religion, believing not seeing—  
 Of the *soul* is the sign.

## LUCK.

THE history of the wrinkles on our brows—

Thank God we cannot write it ! We may tell  
 Of things which helped to grave them ; Time allows  
 Such retrospect as makes the heart to swell,  
 The eyes run over ; yet in mercy deadens  
 The sharpest grief ; and thro' the darkest night  
 Some ray of morning, e'en tho' slowly, reddens.  
 God comforts those who wait and seek for light.

He chastens whom He loves ; yet we repine,  
 And call His chastenings *luck*—as if some Fate  
 Vexed us for sport, and mixed with bitter brine  
 Some lives at random. Is the unequal state  
 Of rich and poor, of weak and strong, all chance ?  
 Is health but chance ? Ah ! could we realize  
 That Love ordains each single circumstance,  
 Our cares would plough less deep, our joys more  
 quickly rise.

## THE GREAT MYSTERY.

To sleep, and to be dumb to all  
 The changing days and years invent ;  
 To throw away our discontent,  
 And lie beneath the Past's thick pall :

To feel in flesh nor woe nor bliss ;  
 To be past praying for, shut out  
 From all save one stupendous doubt--  
 O Father, who can fathom this ?

Thy justice ? yea, but who are we  
 Who look thro' Reason's narrow bars,  
 To judge of right beyond the stars ?  
 We bow in faith to Thy decree.

In faith—twin mystery with death,  
 But palpable to human sense,  
 Thro' living blest experience ;  
 But how shall he who hath no breath

Tell of that other mystery ? how  
 Shall aught of certain be revealed ?  
 Shall death its awful secret yield  
 By looking on a dead man's brow ?

The mother who hath lost a life  
But lately hers, and that which grew  
With her own being, looking thro'  
The lineaments yet wholly rife

With a seraphic calm, may hold  
The mournful, beautiful, release  
Of death to be but sobs and peace,  
Nor seek in ponderings manifold

Slow-wrought conviction ; but of him  
Whose sins outweigh his prayers, for whom  
The glad fruition of the tomb  
Shines not, or shining flickers dim,—

‘ Save one stupendous doubt,’ I said,  
Lost in the musing of my mind,  
That strove, in error undesigned,  
To touch the mystery of the dead :

Which only Faith, with reverent hand  
May raise. This is the dream of fools,  
To frame for Reason Babel-rules,  
And place her where she cannot stand.

Twin mystery Faith, if seek I aught  
Of knowledge with maturer brain  
That sifts the child-learned creed, restrain  
The boasted freedom of free thought:

Freedom of thought that is not free,  
But glossed by fancied power's pretence,  
The slave of its own impotence,  
Of its chill doubting misery !

" Yet should'st thou weigh all creeds and judge  
With wisdom "—so an echo runs—  
" Thy thought is not as every one's.  
Doth God owe other men a grudge

Because they smile at that which thou  
Callest the truth ?" I know not ; yet  
I know no doubtings should beset  
For me that first baptismal vow.

Naught judge I : man by God is tried,  
Not by his fellow : yet have I  
No ancient landmark to hold by,  
No faith for which our fathers died ?

Great mystery, Death ! thou makest plain  
All things to all ; I pray thee come  
When life and thought range nearest home—  
The home where Truth's pure angels reign.



## SUNBEAMS IN THE CHANCEL.

### I.

THERE were sunbeams in the chancel yester evening  
 glancing red,  
 And the preacher wove them sweetly into the holy  
 words he said :  
 There were twilight hues of evening that loomed  
 athwart the nave—  
 And the good man's sermon travelled to the twilight  
 of the grave.

### II.

“ For, good friends, the grave is twilight land, thick  
 darkness reigns not whole ;  
 Tho' the earth-gloom wrap the body round, the  
 heaven-beams flash the soul.  
 Dear brother hearts, I pray you speed, make friends  
 with your last day ;  
 And you shall give death welcoming so you ponder  
 heaven alway.



## III.

“There is blessedness unspeakable in that heaven  
where we all may go,  
Where some have gone already”—and here the  
tender tones brake low,  
While remembrance fell upon us all, as the mist  
falls on the moor,  
Of a sweet and saintly lady, a wife who went among  
the poor.

## IV.

“Joy, brothers, for the dear blessed ones who die in  
Christ the Lord,”  
Rose the pleading voice of earnestness on the swell  
of each wave-like word.  
“Glory for the grand old martyr men who the  
Christ-like way have trod,  
Hope in the comfort-creed, in the communion of  
saints and of God.

## V.

“We needs must strive and suffer awhile, with cares  
and fears,  
This earth tho’ fair we call it in truth a vale of  
tears ;  
Were it not sweet at even to close these heavy eyes,  
To see the morrow morning on the hills of Paradise ?

## VI.

“There is more than tongue can utter, than loftiest  
dream conceives,  
In that sun-lit harvest-heaven where the Lord God  
binds His sheaves ;  
Where the moonlight on the City falls with a holy  
grace,  
And the moonlight and the sunlight are the Lord  
God’s glorious face.

## VII.

“My friends, shall earthly phantoms these hopes of  
glory mock ?  
My children in Christ Jesus, my own beloved flock,  
I travail with long pleadings, in labours oft of  
prayer,  
That you may reach the Heaven-gate and find  
acceptance there.

## VIII.

“Fain would I leave some watchword to guide you  
in the strife,  
For it seems to me that shortly I must put off this  
life.  
I charge you, men and women, whatever hap  
betide,  
Abide by your Redeemer ; cling to the Crucified.

## IX.

“ If unbelief cast shadows, and doubtings vex your  
mind,  
Cry ‘ Jesus Christ,’ press onward, throw not a  
thought behind.  
If Passion drive his whirlwind, or Pleasure whisper  
lies,  
Call Jesus Christ, and calling, your prayers shall  
cleave the skies.

## X.

“ Old men and hoary-headed, look well, remember  
now  
Those broken past professions, that first baptismal  
vow :  
World-stained you are, as all must be beneath life’s  
sult’ry noon,  
Save innocent pure babies who go to God so soon.

## XI.

“ Long years have left their footprints in our faces  
lined with care,  
While the snows that come in winter time have  
settled in our hair ;  
We have passed the summer islands where our life  
we loved to spend,  
Yea, the autumn reefs have faded, and the voyage  
nears its end.”

## XII.

The rector's blue eye brightened ; ' he sees the new  
Land now,'

Methought, as a still solemnity was gathered on his  
brow.

O man of God, there are wings of light waiting for  
thee on that shore—

Thine own good deeds of charity which have flown  
to Heaven before !

## XIII.

Then again rang out the sermon, and exhortation  
found

For the men in middle manhood with grace and  
vigour crown'd ;

Full well he knew the triumph of a name with  
honour deck'd,

For he garnished Christ's simplicity with a glorious  
intellect.

## XIV.

And he showed Fame's shifting countenance with  
light and shadow blent,

And summed up that bold eloquence with the old  
great argument—

" If all these things be fleeting and a grave to all be  
. given,

Why barter for a phantom the reality of Heaven ? "

## XV.

Then carrying back swift fancy to the fresh spring  
days of youth,  
He clothed with woman's tenderness the solemn  
words of truth ;  
Smiting world creeds and maxims with a pure  
mind's loyal shock—  
So pleading for his Master with the young ones of  
his flock.

## XVI.

The sword of judgment glittered : " Young men, be  
timely wise ;  
Paint not the devil's pictures, your sins, in Tyrian  
dyes ;  
For the plaudits of that bad world you deem so  
fairly deck'd  
Wake echoes of God's thunder, avenging God's elect.

## XVII.

" Down with the lustful fury that fain would take its  
fill :  
A thousand times do battle with the darling sinful  
will :  
Do it because Christ told you, because it must be  
done ;  
And with *Onward* for your watch-cry the fight is all  
but won."

## XVIII.

He closed the book and ended, as the sun threw one  
    ' last smile  
That lit the painted window and flickered down the  
    aisle.  
Then the good man gave the blessing : and when  
    we knelt to pray  
The sunbeams in the chancel had vanished quite  
    away.



## COMFORT.

EACH preaches comfort, each his creed despises.

What comfort when the night wears desolate and dreary ?

The worn soul sickens as the pale thought rises—

Take me away, for I am faint and weary.

All can speak comfort after some cold fashion :

But comes no soothing, hearts still toss about.

Give me some dew to quench the drought of passion,

Give me some spell to lay the storm of doubt.

Nought but bright Faith can cleave when shadows thicken,—

Hold this sure word in your first calmer mood ;

When memories rise and whelming fancies sicken

'Twill serve to blunt the edge of solitude.

Say in the dead night, " There is many a hundred

Laden with woes o'ermeasuring mine in weight :

Hearts many a thousand from all comfort sunder'd,

Grown hard and cold through that which we call Fate."

Whisper, "It may be the great Father's anger  
Is kindled at my cold untrustful living"—  
Rise, let His promise pierce your deadening languor,  
• Clasp the blue heaven with prayer and loud  
thanksgiving.

Think of Gethsemane : balm you shall borrow  
From those few words that o'er its portals shine.  
Read, "Look and see if there be any sorrow  
Like unto Mine."





## FAITH.

ST. MATTHEW XIV. 25—31.

WHEN the winds and waves were high  
And their boat unto peril was nigh,  
The disciples saw in the storm  
A strange mysterious Form  
Walking upon the sea,  
And one cried in His agony,  
“Oh, bid me come unto Thee,  
Lord, if it be Thou !”

Toiling, weighed down by fears,  
With eyes too hard for tears—  
Pain at the heart and on the brow,  
Weary and worn, I murmur now,  
As Peter cried on the sea,  
“Oh, bid me come unto Thee,  
Lord, if it be Thou !”

“If it be Thou,” he cried,  
And straightway a Voice replied  
“Come” : and he walked on the wave  
Thro’ the faith that alone can save.

Yet again, as the wind rose high,  
Rang out the despairing cry  
"Save, or I perish!" Ah! then  
• The mercy of God unto men  
Was shown in the arm stretched out,  
In the love that pitied his doubt.

Am I not tost on a sea?  
Yea, I sink as I come unto Thee.  
Save, if it be Thou!

Because of that *if*—is that why  
The heavens vouchsafe no reply?  
If Peter the fisherman heard  
'Mid the roll of the storm-wave that word  
COME—if it sounded so clear  
To him, why cannot I hear  
Who know more than the world then knew?  
He had faith, I am told, and so  
The thing he believed came true.  
The selfsame thing which I say  
I believe—in a different way.

O for a faith that would bear me  
Out of this narrow cold sphere,  
Where I shrink from the sin that would snare me,  
Less thro' love of the Christ than from fear!

Where 'tis good to be moral and stolid,  
To provide for oneself and one's own ;  
And the virtues men praise as most solid  
Leave the hungry and outcast alone. .  
O for a faith that would teach me  
To spring forth in love, and be sure  
If I sink there are Arms that will reach me—  
O for faith and for love to endure !



## OBEDIENCE.

“Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage. And his servants came near and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean.”—2 KINGS v. 12—13.

REBEL hearts ever fretting and storming :

Rebel minds with a self-moulded plan :

Ever to do some great thing

Longing, yet seldom performing

The least of the duties laid down for a man !

And this we are most of us doing,

Repining, resolve, and remorse

Alternating so sadly, and strewing

Our paths with dead ashes for flowers,

While still in the lapse of the hours

Ever to do some great thing

We are longing, but ah ! not pursuing

The God-given way, the Christ-ordered course.

O worm as thou art, grandly swelling

With vanity ! deep in the dells

Of the earth, far away from world's ken,  
And unseated in Honour's fair place,  
There are those, there are mortal-mould men,  
Greater-souled than thyself, who live lives  
Made lovely by heartfullest prayers,  
And sublimed by that living which dwells  
Content, like the stars, with mere telling  
Of glory and honour and grace—  
God's glory and honour, not theirs.

Yet faint not, but turn, tho' the pride  
Of the Syrian thy spirit incline,  
And thou scornest the meed of thy prayer ;  
Yet faint not, but faithful abide :  
God's Jordan hath healing—but thine  
Is a water of tempest and care.

The waves of our choosing seem fair,  
And in them bright glories may shine ;  
But obedience, contentment, declare  
A glory far brighter—divine.



•  
 "SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO  
 COME UNTO ME."

My little girl lay sleeping

In a room where the moonbeams smiled ;  
 And I stood by her bedside keeping

A vigil of love o'er the child.

I said, I said in a whisper,

"As her nightgown white is her soul.

May my darling be pure and spotless

Till she reaches her heavenly goal !"

Then I knelt down by the bed,

And prayed to Him who said,

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Unseen the dark angel was taking

His way o'er my threshold, for soon

Came a few quick sobs and a waking

Far away from the light of that moon.

I laid her to rest in the churchyard,

In her nightgown white—but her soul,

Pure soul, was away with the angels,

Far away at the heavenly goal.

And I look on the empty bed,

And think of Him who said,

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

# YORK MINSTER REVISITED.

A FRAGMENT, 17TH SEPTEMBER, 1871.

‘ TIME changes not,’ I say, standing near thee,  
O Minster, clothed in calm, the same  
I knew long years ago. Ah! many a knee  
That bent with mine is turned to dust—  
How solemnly  
That memory strikes! But still His holy Name  
Is glorified: and dew from Heaven falls  
As prayer and anthem rise within these glorious walls.

Mother of prayer to careless moments ! how  
Should I behold thee, coming back once more  
From a far land of exile ? Minster, thou  
Art pure and grand and stately as before ;  
But unto me thy majesty doth seem  
To speak reproach ; the old familiar lines  
Of beauty speak, and from thy windows stream  
Lights that to me dwell not in other shrines.  
Pure Sisters,\* since I saw you last—  
O how your vestal brightness shames that darkened  
past !

\* Among windows to be remembered for evermore by those who have seen them are the Five Sisters in York Minster.

Grey towers, ye know here in your quiet shade  
My boy's faith quickened—if ye only knew  
How oft since then these erring feet have strayed !  
Sin and the world have courted me to new  
Delights, new creeds : but Minster, thine are true.  
Standing again upon this hallowed ground,  
I feel how much is lost, how little have I found.





## CUI BONO ?\* (1874.)

## I.

O MINDS given over to Rhoda  
 Broughton and volumes three !  
 O lips loving brandy and soda !  
 Like passionate foam of the sea  
 Be the swell of unshackled emotions :  
 They are bigots who say that in vain  
 We seek in such philtres and potions  
 A solace for pain.

## II.

Let Wisdom abide in her grotto,  
 Old saws and old landmarks we spurn ;  
 Faith is dead, and *Cui Bono* our motto :  
 Let her ashes repose in the urn !  
 Be honest, and burn up the fences  
 Of creeds that "refuse and restrain" :  
*Vive la joie !* let the play of the senses  
 Be solace for pain !

\* I hope these verses do not go beyond the bounds of lawful satire. They were written some years ago, and were intended to show the lengths to which certain poetry, belonging to what has been termed "the Fleshly School," might be pushed if not restrained.

## III.

I say not the code of the Stoic  
Holds nought for a man to admire ;  
I deny not that Paul was heroic,  
That a life was once lived even higher ;  
But these things, do they come to us real ?  
*Cui Bono*—to toil and to strain  
After shadows, a hopeless ideal,  
For solace for pain ?

## IV.

One thing, O my friends, we are sure of—  
Life is short, and the man who resists  
The delirium of wine or the lure of  
A woman, thro' fear of the mists  
Of unreason his childhood that frightened,  
Misses that which may ne'er come again :  
What tho' conscience hereafter be lightened ?  
Is that solace for pain ?

## V.

Where is Conscience? Methinks we may smile at  
That vague undefinable thing.  
What is Truth ? let us ask with vexed Pilate ;  
If from Heaven, then why should it fling  
Dark shadows around and before it ?  
Why bring hatred and war in its train ?

Bismarck and the Pope both adore it—  
Here's solace for pain.

## VI.

Whereas in wine, mirth, wit, and laughter  
There is something we know and can feel ;  
Soft rose-leaves to rest on hereafter,  
When the fountains of springtime congeal :  
Sweet relief, when from tropical travel  
Retired and pensioned, you fain,  
Amid twinges of gout or of gravel,  
Would have solace for pain.

## VII.

Eyes emblazoned with wine on the valley  
'Neath Richmond's fair hill we will rest :  
Alhambra ! at night let thy ballet,  
To the music of beauty undrest,  
Teach how sordid the arts that bedrape us,  
While the "nude and antique" yet remain ;  
Press out from the loves of Priapus  
Sweet solace for pain !

## VIII.

Great Nature ! the souls that are guided  
By thee nourish reason and light :

We can judge of thy truth many-sided,  
 For thou showest thyself to our sight :  
 We behold thee in sunlight and shadow,  
 In moons that wax brightly and wane,  
 Mountain girdled by storm, and green meadow—  
 True solace for pain !

IX.

Yet there are who thy wild thrills would  
 smother,  
 Fools who trample red blossom in dust—  
 Confound them, Astarte, O mother !  
 O sweet inspiration of Lust !  
 From the cave where the white breaker tumbles  
 Arise, and give Passion the rein !  
 Go to—says the preacher, but mumbles  
 No solace for pain

X.

We have chanced on new days ; yea, the jewel  
 Of knowledge illumines our brows :  
 Away with the cold creeds, the cruel  
 Hard bonds of impossible vows !  
 Life is short ; while the corn glitters golden  
 Whet the sickle, reap, garner the grain !  
 Yea, the new days we love, for the olden  
 Give no solace for pain.

## XI.

I say not the code of the Stoic  
Holds nought for a man to admire ;  
I deny not that Paul was heroic,  
And the life of the Christ even higher ;  
But these old-world beliefs brand offences,  
Ennoble, make pure, yet restrain :  
*Vive la joie !* let the play of the senses  
Be solace for pain.

## A SONG OF SOUND.

## I.

SUMMER enfolding the valley and town !  
 Golden-haired Autumn in russet and brown !

While Spring, with its springtide rare,  
 Shrinks and is coy as a bird on the wing ;  
 As a maiden is shy, so shy is the Spring ;  
 Ah, love, with the rippling hair !

## II.

Is there aught in the song of the swallow that  
     saddens,  
 Brow-bathed in the dew of a sunrise that gladdens ?  
 Is youth but a fret and a care ?  
 Wilt thou fling from thee idly as foam from the  
     ocean,  
 As yesterday's roses, thy lover's devotion ?  
 Ah, love, with the rippling hair !

## III.

Didst thou drink to the lees of the winepress ? Thou  
     gavest  
 Sweet guerdon of smiles to the hearts thou enslavest ;  
 That tempest of sighs in the air—

Wilt thou answer it, sweet one, after thy fashion,  
With the crimson of hate and the purple of passion ?  
Ah, love, with the rippling hair !

## IV.

Wind-swept, is there peace in the isles of Desire ?  
Storm-tost, is there rest in thy love and its fire,  
The snowdrift of hope or despair ?  
Hadst thou Midnight to mother—half goddess half  
mortal—  
Star-crowned, dost thou heed when song strikes at  
thy portal ?  
Ah, love, with the rippling hair !

## V.

Needs must that I sing, needs must I adore thee.  
Where art thou, what art thou ? O love, I implore  
thee,  
Impossible picture, declare  
Is there more than one poet who lauds or bewails  
thee ?  
Is it opium, or absinthe, or Bedlam unveils thee ?  
Ah, love, with the rippling hair !



THE YOUNG SUBALTERN TO HIS IDEAL  
LOVE.

I.

IN my dream of yesternight,  
You were there with your gleaming hair ;  
Surpassing yourself in the light  
Of a beauty bewitchingly fair.  
You are always beautiful, dear,  
But last night more than ever you shone,  
With a radiance so bright that its peer  
I never have looked upon.

II.

You moved in a luminous haze  
Self-streamed, O my queen ! and I stood  
Spell-bound, with a passionate gaze,  
A rebel at heart—for my blood  
Surged strong with a mutinous tide,  
As I knelt your fair hand, love, to kiss.  
Then looked on your lips, love, and sighed  
“ O to taste of their exquisite bliss ! ”



## III.

On a sudden there flashed in the air  
 A magical moment—and then  
 You were there in your ball dress, my fair,  
 Surrounded by glances of men :  
 And I felt as I marked every glance  
 In my breast something grow cold and hard ;  
 But 'twas gone when by fortunate chance  
 You dropped, and I picked up, your card.

## IV.

For we both stooped at once, and somehow  
 Touched fingers—'twas my fault, I own ;  
 Nay—more, love ! your hair touched my brow ;  
 And I whispered, and caught the low tone  
 That reproached me for wearing a gloom—  
 “ I care, sir, to waltz but with you.”  
 And then, ah, my darling ! the room  
 Seemed to hold no one else but us two.

## V.

And next, when the dancing gave way,  
 As a rest from so pleasant a labour,  
 I remember we sat down to play  
 A game at ‘ Beggar my Neighbour.’  
 Of the cards I scarce knew which was which,  
 But although in a very short while  
 You ‘ beggared ’ me quite, I was rich  
 In the wealth of your beautiful smile.

VI.

I was rich in that wealth, and o'erjoyed  
At the Present I recked not a care  
Of the Future, so dark and so void,  
Of Fortune, so scant and so bare :  
'Love wins,' said a murmur that broke,  
Proclaiming glad conquest of Beauty—  
'Twas 'GUN-FIRE,' dearest ! I woke  
To know that I was '*on duty*.'



## SOME PERSONS.

WE all dislike the coarse and rough—  
But there are persons who  
Are estimable folk enough,  
Yet not like me or you.

They pay their way and go to church,  
In Sunday-schools have taught,  
And never leave you in the lurch—  
Because they promise nought.

They never swear or tell a chap  
To go—let's say, to blazes ;  
They keep their tempers, and on tap  
A stock of proper phrases.

Good citizens they make, no doubt,  
Good fathers, mothers—very :  
But somehow where they move about  
The fun is mild, not merry.

If jokes are told them good or bad—  
You know there is no harm in't,  
And yet you feel as if you had  
Just donned your Sunday garment.

As if the parson looked you through,  
While shy, with creaking feet,  
Preceded by a verger, you  
Were being shown a seat.

It is not that these worthy folk  
At merriment are riled ;  
It's simply they can't twig a joke,  
Or understand a child.

They always seem to be in school,  
And long for no vacation ;  
They measure by a two-foot rule  
What Yankees call 'creation.'

They lack the genial fire that gleams  
Where simple nature plays ;  
Their mental moral being seems  
To be encased in *stays*.

They oftener give than take advice,  
And take than give a present ;  
They may be sometimes 'rather nice,'  
But never 'very pleasant.'

They're civil, well-dressed, well-informed,  
And sometimes give good dinners ;  
By lawless passion seldom stormed,  
As arc Bohemia's sinners.

And yet, with morals beyond praise,  
I only know they bore you—  
By showing in ten thousand ways  
They don't care twopence for you



——'S IMPROMPTUS.

I WAS thinking—yes, this morning—as I sauntered  
through my stables,  
Of my colloquy with Brown and that argument with  
Smith—

When it flashed across me sudden how I might have  
turned the tables

By a brilliant quotation and repartee, the pith  
Of which I know in Latin expressed—but I refrain  
From further explanation for a reason that is plain :  
I reserve it for explosion on some future social  
night,

And, to tell the truth, at present it has escaped me  
quite.

'Tis the fate of my Impromptus ; they occur to me  
at seasons

When I commune with the night breeze or apostro-  
phize a star :

When I wake up in the morning, for certain curious  
reasons

They have travelled like the fairies so very fast and  
far,

That to call them back to duty with a sudden jerk  
and strain

Would be surely very cruel, if not altogether vain.

So I let them fly till weary they descend—a little  
flat—

Then I book them, those Impromptus, and rehearse  
them fresh and pat.



## A SECRET WOE.

THERE is a secret source of woe

Where palm trees wave and tropic suns  
Make men and women burn and glow,

Like hot cross buns—

(By which I mean grow cross and hot)—

A woe embittering many a lot ;

The cause of untold grief and folly,

Of much deep-seated melancholy :

Ah ! would'st thou hear it ? Stranger, stay,

And list my ' unpremeditated ' lay !

Most in the lands of cypress and of myrtle,

Amid the swarthy skinned, it lurks unseen ;

Yet in our Isle at feasts of punch and turtle

It comes between.

Where comes it not ? It breaks true lovers' chains,

Increases Jealousy's consuming pains ;

Handmaid of Hate, and dear to Discontent—

Would'st thou escape it ? Seek the Arab's tent ;

Try dates for food, throw off each worldly trammel,

And roam the desert on a Bedouin camel.



Yet even in Central Afric Burnaby

Records the presence of this chief of ills :  
Among the gifts most prized there—says not he ?

Are COCKLE'S PILLS.

Stranger, you know it now ; that mystic word<sup>c</sup>  
Unveils it to the vulgar ; all have heard  
Of Cockle ; consequently all must know  
This mournful blight, this secret source of woe.  
No ? then attend, and pr'ythee do not smile—  
The subject saddens—briefly told, 'tis *bile*.

The 'Faculty' give way, e'en supercilious  
Physicians own these pills are antibilious.



## A CRUEL BLOW.

## I.

THE trace of pain was on her brow,  
 Her nerves were tightly stretched ; and I  
 Could only gaze and wonder how  
 And why that pain :  
 I questioned her, but sought reply  
 In vain.

## II.

She was not mine ; another held  
 That pearl of pearls, that rosebud fair.  
 Was he the cause the soft heart swelled,  
 Tears dimmed those eyes ?  
 The thought (to me 'twas mad despair)  
 Would rise.

## III.

And inwardly I murmured, ' Brute,'  
 While outwardly I said, ' How few  
 Kind husbands are there !' She was mute :  
 The sage remark  
 Had evidently missed, tho' true,  
 Its mark.

## IV.

I next essayed to glance at tricks  
Of gossip, thinking some kind friend  
Had dropped the thorn ; but failed to fix  
It so ; I tried  
A dozen ways, and at the end  
I sighed :

## V.

Took up a book : a pause ; and then  
Her lips unclosed—and bit by bit  
I wormed the secret which my pen  
Scarce dare reveal ;  
I found the dart that pierced and hit  
Like steel.

## VI.

But yester evening she had dined  
At Government House : an A. D. C.  
Had robbed her of her peace of mind.  
An old adorer,  
One Colonel K., took Mrs. G.  
Before her ;

## VII.

While Mr. Grantley took her in—  
A young civilian—now you see !  
It was not that she cared a pin,  
Or loved old stagers ;  
But G.'s a *Captain's* wife—and she  
A MAJOR'S.

## THE FIRST FURLOUGH.

BY AN OLD INDIAN.

## I.

YOU came out a boy, you're returning  
 A man, with a beard full-grown,  
 And fancies all buzzing and burning  
 Round the scenes your boyhood has known.  
 'Tis a grand time indeed ; but remember,  
 You have changed, and Time nowhere stands  
 still ;  
 While in England May glides to December,  
 In more ways than one, with a will.

## II.

Boys and girls—nay, each infantine lisper—  
 You knew, will be grown up and slow :  
 They'll vote you delightful, and whisper  
 ' Too much of the Indian, you know.'  
 You'll admire the hale British matron,  
 The girls all so wondrously fair ;  
 But you'll turn to St. James for your patron,  
 At the Club, 14 in his Square.

## III.

Many things for which you have hankered  
You will find a delusion, a snare :  
The virtue that lies in a tankard,  
Roast beef and the old English fare,  
Remains, but the strawberries taste not  
As of yore ; old pleasures take wing :  
And ' Want not ' is better than ' Waste not '  
In the land where money is king.

## IV.

' *Nunc est*,' do you murmur, '*bibendum*' ?  
Now's the time for a spree—there are pounds  
Awaiting your advent to spend 'em ?  
Bravo ! only keep within bounds,  
And your coin will bring pleasure, transmuting  
All boredom in country or town ;  
You can buy your own fishing and shooting,  
And mammas will be hunting you down.

## V.

What ! hunting as well in the winter ?  
By Jove ! you will do it ; but mind,  
If you mean to launch out without stint or  
Reserve, leave a balance behind.  
The Indian has need of a margin,  
He bleeds at each pore, while his friends  
His income are always enlarging ;  
He brags too himself as he spends.

## VI.

He forgets the rude garments he wore at  
Jungleybad but a few months ago :  
The barn that he lived in and swore at  
Fades away as he flirts in the Row.  
Not a word does he drop of how bare is  
The life he has left ; he essays  
To pass for a swell, catch an heiress,  
And in purple and plush end his days.

## VII.

A libel, you say ! Well, it may be ;  
It's not quite the line that *I* took.  
Was too much, perhaps, of a gaby,  
Or funk'd being brought, sir, to book.  
I growled, but enjoyed myself greatly  
In a quiet unrackety way ;  
Took my drinking and wooing sedately,  
And lived upon—three times my pay.

## VIII.

It's a nice little place, sir, that island—  
Tho' the rooms are too close and confined ;  
For some things there's no spot on dry land  
It's equal, or more to my mind.  
But it's cold to the stranger ; its purses  
And windows don't open like ours ;  
It stifles and starves, has reverses  
Of climate and luck at all hours.

## . IX.

There are plenty of sweets worth the sipping,  
There are blasts most confoundedly keen :  
The young folk want constantly 'tipping,'  
The old folks regard you 'eighteen.'  
You'll indulge in no end of romances  
On tigers and snakes, and be paid  
By-and-by with incredulous glances  
And smiles at the 'tricks of your trade.'

Yet withal the first furlough means clover  
To the man who left England a boy.  
Shall I wish you, my friend, ere 'tis over,  
The last crowning sorrow, or joy ?  
Pain and care to be sweetly divided  
(Or doubled—which is it ?) for life ?  
I'm a cynic ? Well, don't do as I did—  
Come back without money or wife.



## HORACE—ANGLICIZED AND INDIANIZED.

*Note.*—The idea of transmogrifying Horace into an Anglo-Indian, as is done in some of these specimens, was suggested to me some years ago by a friend, who illustrated it with a skill that more than excused its audacity. To lovers of the genuine Falernian my mixture will be as claret-cup often is to the wine from which it takes its name. I will only plead that there are people who don't drink good wine, don't know what it is, and yet rather like a mild beverage. Also, that there is no deception in this decoction; the curacoa is undisguised, the parody patent—in parts, I think, even to those who know no more of Horace than that he was a Roman poet, and is, or used to be, a good deal quoted in the British House of Commons and lesser places of debate. Having confessed thus much, I must add that there *is* claret in the cup: indeed, the first of these odes aspires to be a translation, done in schoolboy days; and this may almost be said of the second and third.

### LOVERS' QUARRELS.

BOOK III., ODE 9.

HORACE. While to thee I was sweetheart,  
 When no other was found  
 More potent in charms,  
 To throw loving arms  
 Thy white neck around,  
 Than the king of the Persians more blessed  
 was I.



LYDIA. While you burned for no other,  
And great was my name;  
When Lydia was reckoned  
To Chloë not second,  
In maidenly fame,  
Than Ilia of Rome more renownèd was I.

HORACE. Me Chloë's now queen of;  
The girl of sweet strains,  
In my bosom she reigns;  
For whose sake I swear  
To die I'd not fear—  
So the Fates to survive me would spare  
my sweet dear.

LYDIA. Me Calais is lord of;  
The love-flames that shine  
In his breast glow in mine;  
For whom with love sure  
Death *twice* I'd endure—  
So the Fates to survive me would spare  
my sweet *puer*.

HORACE. What, if former love come back,  
And bind with strong chain  
Hearts disjoinèd again?  
If to Chloë with hair of gold  
This heart again be cold,  
And to Lydia rejected its portals unfold?

LYDIA.    Then, though my Calais is  
              Star of eve brighter than ;  
              Though thou art lighter than  
              Down, and thy temper be  
              Hotter than raging sea—  
              Yet will I live and die gladly with thee !



## THE GOLDEN MEAN.

BOOK II., ODE 10.

LAUNCH out into the open main,  
 Or blindly hug the shore ?  
 Waste in a year a lifetime's gain,  
 Or keep a miser's store ?  
 Do neither ; but with aim serene  
 Preserve, my friend, the golden mean.

So, free from sordid solitude,  
 You shall not vaunt a full-blown state ;  
 Nor nurse the common envious mood  
 That carps at every palace gate.  
 The lofty pines, when winds assail,  
 Feel most the fury of the gale.

High towers fall heaviest in the squall,  
 (A great man's lot is often hard,)  
 And when the angry lightnings fall,  
 'The mountain-tops are ever scarred.  
 You see my drift ? wise men, I say,  
 Fear most when sunned by Fortune's ray.

And adverse times freeze not their hopes,  
For well they know the selfsame Power  
That binds with frost the grassy slopes  
Will bring again the summer flower.  
If now you feel the wintry blast,  
Think this—the hard times will not last.

Though silent now, who knows but what  
A note of joy he soon may sing?  
Shall Fate for ever wound, and not  
At times, my friend, lay by her sling?  
When Fortune lours, show heart and pluck,  
But shorten sail when winds blow luck.



## TO THE OLD "FLAME."

BOOK I., ODE 5.

WHAT slip of youth is wooing thee,  
 Bedewed in rose perfumery,  
     In ball-room's cool recess ?  
 Sacred that hair to whom—  
 Wanton in golden bloom,  
     Siren of artlessness ?  
 Ah ! he who woos thee fondly now  
 Shall often mourn thy broken vow,  
     With tearful eye a-grieving ;  
 Gazing on stormy sea,  
 Wailing the Fates' decree—  
     Fool for believing !

Fool, not to know the fickle breeze,  
 But ever think to love and please ;  
 Ah ! Helen, thy soft witcheries  
     Beguile the young untried :  
 I who fell in Love's sea  
 Swam out full speedily ;  
 Now as dry as any bone,  
 With a wife of fourteen stone,

And a fortune of her own,  
Bid I my neighbours see  
How of Helen's witchery  
'Scaped I the tide.



## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BOOK I., ODE 9.

## I.

I PICTURE you burning your yule-log in Wales ;  
Mount Snowdon stands by, clad in thickly wreathed  
snow,  
And the snowdrifts are heavy on woods and in dales,  
While the frost is so hard the rivers won't flow.

## II.

Well, keep out the cold ; pile the logs up on high ;  
Produce the old port, and be jovial to-night :  
Leave the rest to the gods, who, when tempests  
sweep by,  
And war with the sea till he boils in his might,

## III.

Lull them softly to rest, so that cypress and ash  
Stir never a leaf : why, then I maintain  
You need not inquire what to-morrow may flash,  
But score up each day as it comes for a gain.

## IV.

While you're young, sir, and blooming, make the most  
of your time ;

Eat, drink, and be seen every night on the Mall. '   
Play blindman's-buff with the girls ; their laughter's  
sweet chime

Is delightful—mistletoe shrieks above all ;

## V.

When you pounce on them suddenly under the bough,  
And snatch in the struggle a glove or a kiss ;  
They pretend you shan't have it, but really allow  
The pleasant effrontery's not much amiss.





## TO NORA.

BOOK I., ODE 8.

TELL me, Nora, pray,

Why have your bright eyes made Jack such a muff:

He used to be a manly chap enough,

And game to hunt a pig, however hot the day.

But now we see him stand

Moonstruck, and shrinking from a Mess carouse ;

Not ' peacocking ' from house to house,

Or on his Arab prancing at the Band.

And one would think the lad

Had never handled quoit, or ball and bat ;

He keeps his hands so clear of mutton fat,

You'd think no soap and water could be had.

If you propose to throw him

At wrestling—why, he backs out with excuses ;

The man who used to pride himself on bruises

Now seems to think the slightest knock would kill  
him.

His liver's sound, the fellow's tough enough ;

But, Nora, you have made Jack *such* a muff !

## TO DISMAL JAMES.

## BOOK II., ODE II.

SCRAPING and toiling, your face  
 Is enough to drive a man frantic.  
 Why look forward so much? Why try  
 To compress the whole world in a sigh,  
 And span with your fears the Atlantic?

You allow, John, that life is a race  
 Soon run : well, then, little's required.  
 Youth and beauty pass quickly away,  
 Age eclipses love's pleasant heyday,  
 And makes us sleep poorly when tired.

We must change, then, it seems, like the flowers  
 Of spring, or the light of the moon.  
 'Tis *kismet*; but wherefore revolve  
 Deep problems you never can solve?  
 And why pipe to so doleful a tune?

While here, let us press from the hours  
 All their joys—you call them, John, folly.  
 Though India's not England, you see,  
 My friend, an old buffer like me  
 Thrives tolerably well and is jolly.

It's the 'sparkling' that does it : come on,  
Have a glass, you old Puritan—drink !  
Then we'll off to the ball-room, and you  
Shall dance with that fairy in blue,  
While I take the angel in pink.



9 TO A WOULD-BE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BOOK IV., ODE I.

MOTHER-IN-LAW that wouldst be, spare me a bachelor,  
spare me !

I am not what I was, to fetch and carry for ladies.

Love is it you would instil in an old cock close upon  
fifty ?

Go, there are boys who will pray you to mother-in-law  
them for ever ;

Go with daughters twain, and conquer a youthful Col-  
lector.

Robinson—he is the man, inflammable, sportive, and  
handsome,

Fond of returning thanks to the oft-drunk toast of  
“ The Ladies.”

He can dance, sing, paint, and loves to play the piano.

Let him come to the front, and soon will rise up a  
rival.

Robinson rivals brings, who'll bring you many a pre-  
sent ;

Then he will laugh and win, and—find you a home at  
Geneva ;

Close to the bright blue lake, or a cottage Swiss in  
the Tyrol.

There you shall have fresh air and sounds of the  
    hurdy-gurdy,  
Incense-breathing pines, and the music of Tyrolese  
    maidens.  
Lads and lasses will dance, if you pay them, morning  
    and evening,  
Dance, and be glad of the coin, to the mother-in-law  
    from Mussooree.

Me tho' woman nor youth, nor the hope of an ardent  
    attachment,  
Suppers at night (or rather at one o'clock in the morn-  
    ing),  
Button-hole posies, or gloves, or boots of the shiniest  
    leather,  
Please as of old : ah, no ! but at times I sigh in my  
    armchair,  
Sometimes silence will hold my tongue, which is  
    otherwise fluent.  
Nightly in dreams I clasp—ah, what ? 'Tis a phan-  
    tom, a shadow,  
Flying across Hyde Park, cold shade of one who was  
    cruel.  
Years are between, long years, and the breadth of the  
    measureless ocean.







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